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After Roe v. Wade: The Moral Civil War

NATIONAL REVIEW

THE ARTFUL SPIKE LEE DODGES THE ISSUES

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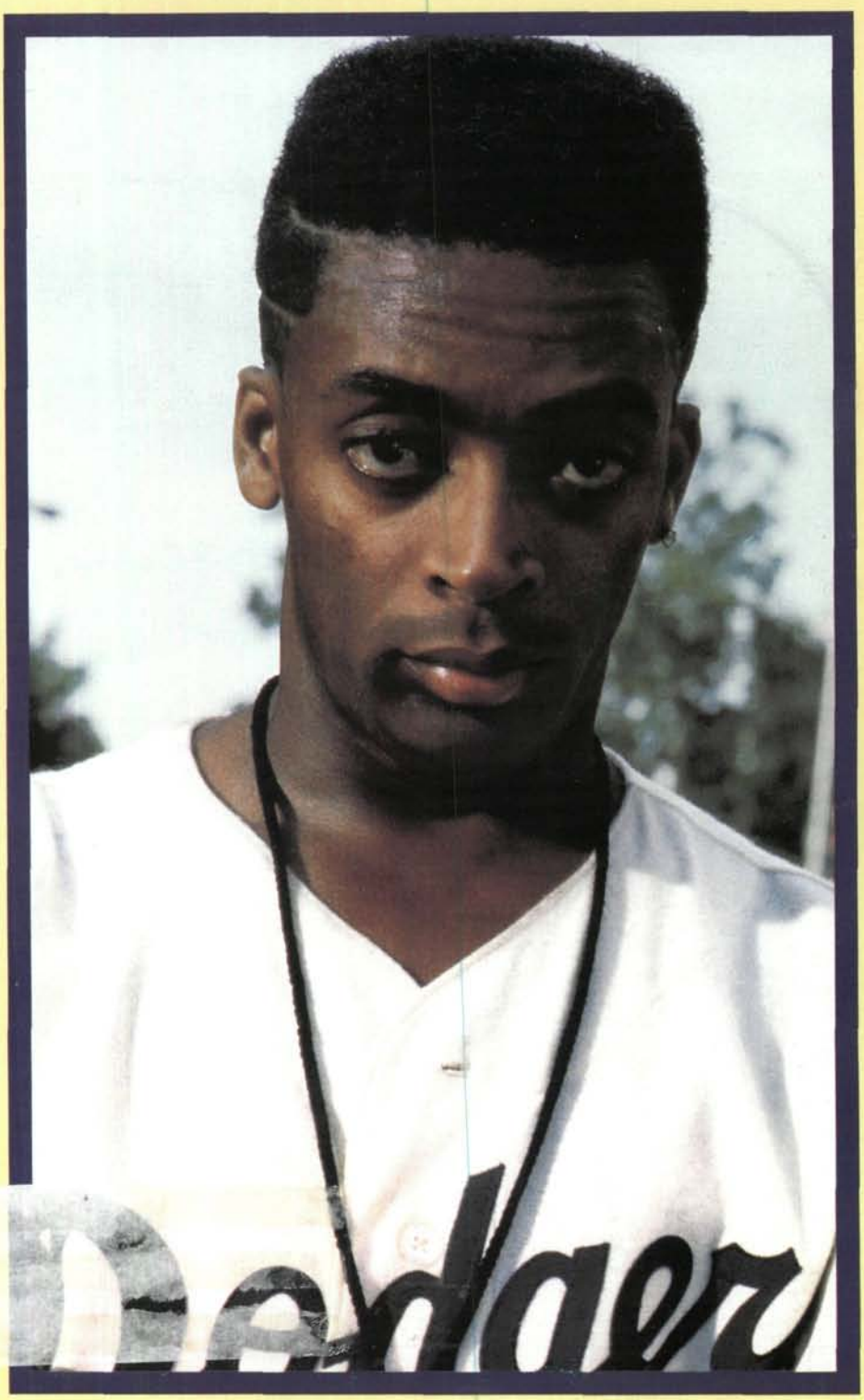
Micah Morrison

CHINA DEVOURS ITS CHILDREN

Nien Cheng
George Jochnowitz

CONGRESS v. THE PRESIDENCY: WHERE SHOULD CONSERVATIVES STAND?

Samuel Francis



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NO MORE WISHFUL THINKING

By Harold B. Finger
President and Chief Executive Officer
U.S. Council for Energy Awareness

For too long, wishful thinking has dominated energy policy. The wishful thinkers tell us we don't need to build more power plants. They tell us we don't need to drill for oil and natural gas in frontier areas. They always have easy ways to avoid the problem.

They're dangerously wrong. We have an energy crisis coming. First, we're increasing our dependence on foreign oil and, in the process, gambling with our energy independence and our national security. Second, electricity demand is growing faster than new supplies are being added because of our continued economic growth. In some parts of the country, electric reliability is already threatened.

It's time to face up to our energy needs realistically. We cannot depend on "what if..." scenarios that won't deliver results for years, if at all.

Let's drop the wishful thinking and look at the facts instead.

In the last 15 years, since the 1973 oil embargo, the U.S. has made great strides in conserving energy and improving efficiency of energy use. Since 1973, our Gross National Product has grown 46 percent, but our *total* energy consumption has risen only 8 percent. That's great progress.

But those numbers don't tell the whole story. During that same period, demand for electricity has grown about 50 percent—roughly parallel with GNP growth. Clearly, electricity has fueled much of the growth in the U.S. economy over the past 15 years. And we must have additional, reliable, affordable supplies of electricity if our economy is to continue to grow.

For many reasons, most of them beyond the electric industry's control, plans for adding new generating capacity are not keeping up with increasing demand. Construction of new power plants is at a 15-year low. New capacity planned over the next 10 years will support growth in electric sales of only one percent per year. That's one-fourth the rate of growth we've experienced over the last six years.

The Oil Problem

Building new power plants is only part of the solution. We must also ask ourselves: what kind of power plants? The U.S. is already dangerously dependent on foreign oil and that dependence is rising. Imports represent nearly 50 percent of U.S. oil consumption. Last year, payments for foreign oil accounted for about one-third of our trade deficit and that bill is increasing.

What does this have to do with electricity? Today, over 25 percent of U.S. electric capacity is still fueled by oil and natural gas. Because oil-fired electricity is costly, electric utilities try to reserve that capacity for times of very high demand. If we don't meet rising electric demand with domestic fuels—like nuclear energy and coal—utilities will be forced to use those oil-fired plants more of the time, worsening our foreign oil dependence and boosting our electricity costs.

Unfortunately, we're already moving in that direction. Back in 1973, electric utilities used about 1.5 million barrels of oil per day. By 1987, thanks largely to new coal and nuclear electric power plants, utilities had cut that to about 500,000 barrels per day. But in 1988, utility oil use increased—to 675,000 barrels per day, a 24 percent increase. And by the mid-1990s, utilities will be burning about 1.8 million barrels per day—almost all of it imported. That's worse than 1973. Our nation is so dependent on foreign oil for other uses, like transportation, that we simply cannot afford to make the situation worse by using foreign oil to generate electricity.

The Nuclear Energy Solution

We can head off looming problems, and nuclear energy should be an important part of our energy strategy.

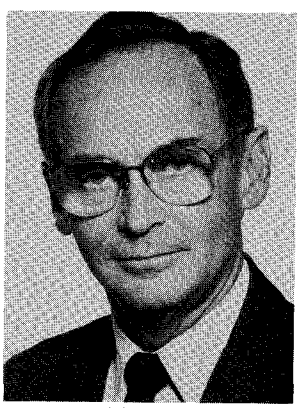
Nuclear energy has not always been a financial blessing for electric utilities, because of punitive treatment by state regulators who have refused to let companies recover the cost of building the plants. But nuclear energy has been an unmixed blessing for the U.S. and its people.

Nuclear energy is our second largest source of electricity, after coal. U.S. nuclear plants have cut consumer electricity costs by over $50 billion since the 1973 oil embargo. The spent fuel from all our commercial nuclear plants has been managed scrupulously at carefully controlled sites. And our plants have operated safely. We learned much from the Three Mile Island accident. The jolt it gave the industry's confidence led to substantial improvements in operation and design. The trends in plant performance tracked by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the Institute of Nuclear Power Operations prove this. They show steady improvement in all areas of nuclear plant performance.

Finally, our nuclear plants have reduced oil imports. Since 1973, nuclear energy has displaced nearly 4 billion barrels of oil and cut our foreign oil payments by over $114 billion.

With such a record, there's no question that nuclear energy should play a larger role in supplying our future electricity needs.

These are facts. Wishful thinking cannot deliver so well.



Harold B. Finger

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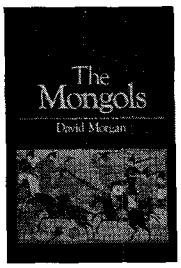

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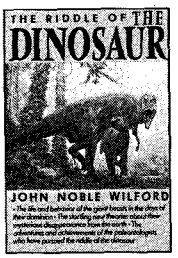

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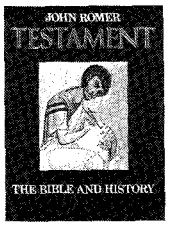

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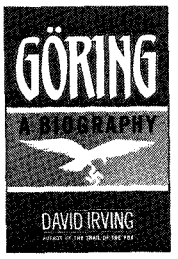

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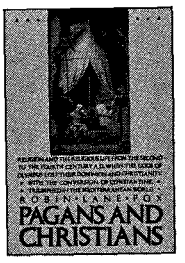

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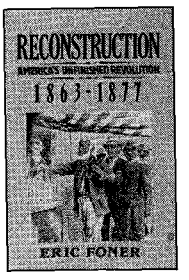

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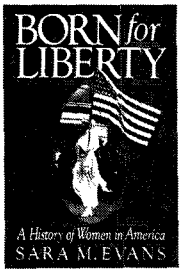

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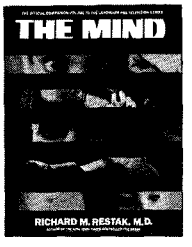

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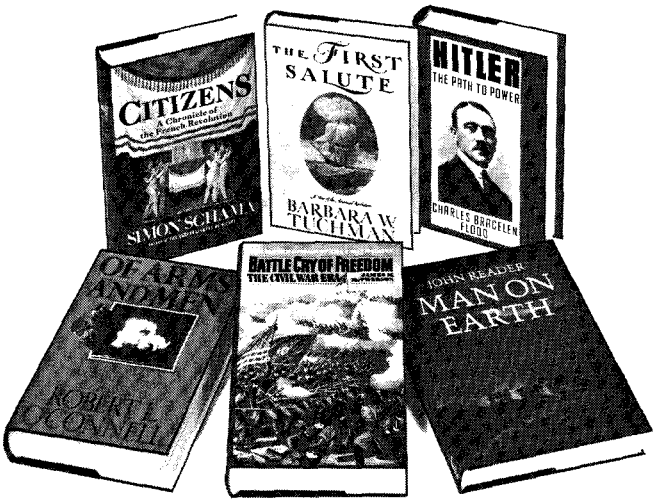

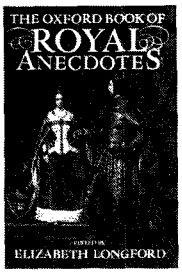

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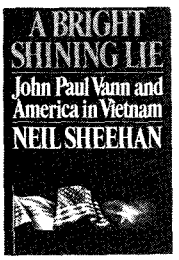

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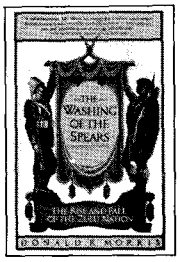

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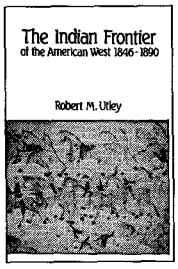

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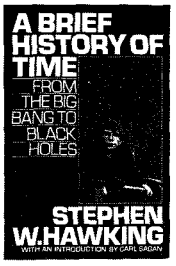

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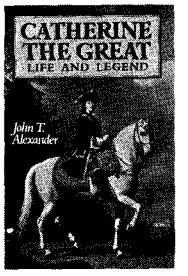

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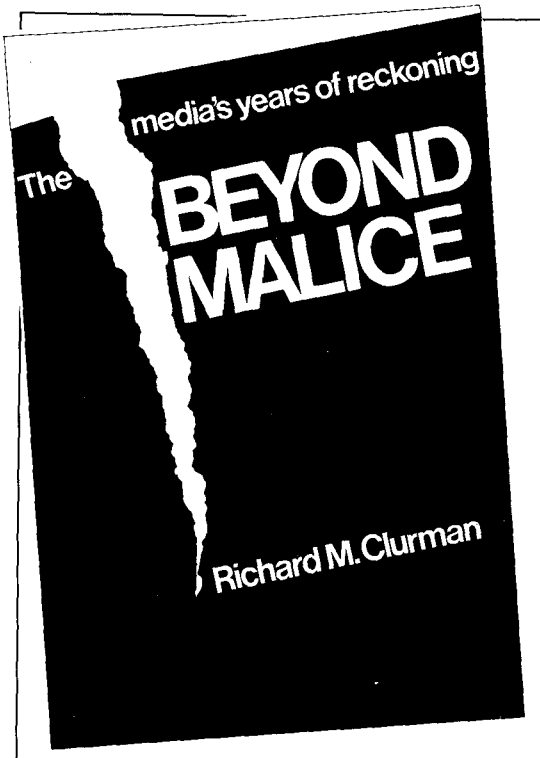

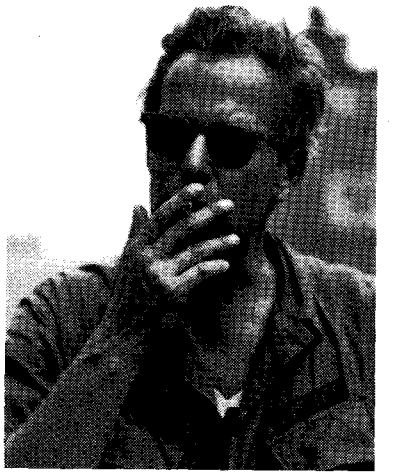

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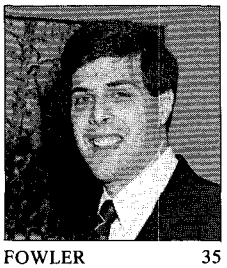
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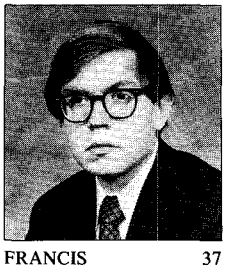
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37 Imperial Conservatives?
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LETTERS

Moral Dilemma

Hadley Arkes has written a thoughtful, well-executed essay ["Moral Obtuseness in America," June 16]. I find it hard to disagree with very many of his points.

We note with some ironic interest, on page 47 of the same issue, an advertisement for radar-warning receivers. Surely, the revenue from such advertisements contributes to the strength of NATIONAL REVIEW's unique voice. Just as surely, such advertisements, by virtue of the products they promote, are intended to subvert certain laws of the land. Mr. Arkes would not want us to kid ourselves: fuzz-busters are promoted and sold to help reckless drivers thwart law-enforcement officers in their efforts to stop the rising epidemic of dangerously excessive speeding.

Magazine editors are not by convention responsible for the business side of their enterprise. And yet we wonder, to use Mr. Arkes's words, about the tensions between a morality of convention, of professional roles (such as that of a magazine editor), and a morality that is constantly "looking past the system of roles, and appealing to a more exacting moral standard." This is not a question of law under the First Amendment; in the words of Potter Stewart, it is a question of the difference between what one has a right to do and the right thing to do. A distinction of which I suspect Mr. Arkes would heartily approve.

Fred W. Friendly
Director
Columbia University Seminars
On Media and Society
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Arkes Replies

Mr. Friendly, in his large nature, has offered generous words about my article, and I thank him warmly for them. But in his robust playfulness, he has gone on, in a subtle move, not to deal with the criticisms I offered, but to raise questions about the moral credentials of this magazine in offering commentary on the subject of ethics. His question about the advertising in NATIONAL REVIEW *could have been raised in his office as a citizen, or even as an onlooker; it need not have been tied to the appearance of my article. By connecting the two in this way, he courts two implications, both uncongenial: 1) that he is engaging in a stylish evasion of the argument; 2) that he raises moral questions about advertising only in those journals that presume to offer criticism of his project. I know that Mr. Friendly would be especially anxious to avoid the second of these implications. I would assume, therefore, that he is at work now, preparing a review of other magazines. And if so, I may be able to offer some modest help. With his cultivated sensitivities, he may be surprised to discover, among the journals on the political Left, a field far richer for his exploration than the sparer, less prurient ads offered in* NATIONAL REVIEW.

At the same time, it is curious that Mr. Friendly has so many things to say about matters not contained in my article, but that he was not moved to address at least one critical point contained in it: viz., that in the understanding of the producers and writers, there was, finally, no rational ground of moral judgment. There were conflicting views, which could inspire anguish, but there were no right answers. With that premise, as I argued, the problem of ethics would be dissolved. And what would be the use of all the strain and anguish over moral questions if, in the end, one answer was as good as any other? Mr. Friendly might have been reluctant to take up this question in a letter to the editor; he might have preferred to join the discussion in another setting, or another format. But since he did take the trouble to raise an "ethical" issue in his letter, one must wonder why he did not trouble to address a far more central question, which would affect even the importance —and the coherence—of the charge he is making here.

Dead Men Don't Kill

Steven Goldberg ["So What if the Death Penalty Deters?" June 30] omits the best argument in favor of the death penalty: Dead men don't kill. No matter whether the death penalty deters *others* from murder, it certainly deters the convicted murderer himself from murdering again.

George M. Dentes
Ithaca, N.Y.

The New Totalitarianism

Richard Pipes's misreading of my book, *Beyond Glasnost: The Post-Totalitarian*

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Mind ["Spring-Summer Books," June 2], might be easily attributed to two relatively trivial causes. As a scholarly historian, he cannot abide political theory; or, as a tendentious intellectual, he is offended by those who hold views different from his own.

But something much more significant is involved. Pipes does not seem to understand the profound effects totalitarianism has had on the hearts and minds of its subjects.

Pipes dismisses my work by pointing out that few under Communist or Nazi rule believed in "Newspeak," even if they were forced to conform. Yet, this does not refute my argument. Indeed, it unwittingly summarizes it. Following Hannah Arendt's pioneering work, I show how cynicism fuels the engine of totalitarian daily life, and following George Orwell, I show how the syntax of Newspeak makes resistance to totalitarian regimes, as distinctively modern tyrannies, seem impossible.

These things go together, and oppositionists have learned how to tear them apart and maybe down by "living in truth," as Vaclav Havel puts it. Soviet and East European democratic oppositionists (not dissidents) in their literary creations and political actions have revealed cynicism to be the support for a "legitimation through disbelief" and the official truths of Newspeak to be blatant and oppressive lies. This is the moral and practical basis of the power of the invigorated opposition social movements. It is my major political thesis that Gorbachev through *glasnost* is trying to co-opt this power to give new life to the ossified Soviet order. Obviously, he is playing with fire. Whether the totalitarian co-opts the democratic social movements or the social movements co-opt the totalitarian order or old-fashioned authoritarian alternatives emerge in the Soviet bloc may very well define the political world of the next century.

Instead of confronting my argument, Pipes distorts it piecemeal. I do not repeatedly announce my position as unorthodox, rather I explain my specific approach when appropriate. Though I do not consider the early Italian use of the term totalitarianism in the book (the earlier usage is not pertinent to understanding the distinctive qualities of today's totalitarianism), I also do not attribute the concept of authoritarianism to Jeane Kirkpatrick. In fact, I maintain that her revival of the distinction between totalitarianism and authoritarianism "serves more than the ideological interest of Reagan's militarization of American foreign policy." This is the exact opposite position Pipes attributes to me by dropping the phrase, "serves more than."

Understanding what is going on in the Soviet bloc today requires a diversity of perspectives. *Glasnost* is not only an official acceptance of what everyone knew to be true, as Pipes would have us believe. As Orwell would put it, people may have known that Big Brother was ungood, but that was and is not the same as the truth.

Jeffrey C. Goldfarb
Committee on Liberal Studies
New School for Social Research
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Pipes Replies

It is tedious to have authors complain about critical reviews because they invariably claim to have been misread. Somehow they are never misread by reviewers who like their books.

Mr. Goldfarb believes that glasnost *is largely the achievement of intellectuals who have broken the fetters of Newspeak. I think that if the Communist economies had functioned satisfactorily there would have been no* glasnost. *Our differences on this issue do not appear to me all that great. Perhaps if Mr. Goldfarb expressed himself more clearly we would find ourselves even less far apart. I, for one, do not understand what he means by sentences such as, "democratic oppositionists . . . in their literary creations and political actions have revealed cynicism to be the support for a 'legitimation through disbelief' and the official truths of Newspeak to be blatant and oppressive lies."*

The omission of the words "serves more than" in the citation about totalitarianism and authoritarianism did not distort Mr. Goldfarb's meaning. My point was that the distinction between the two regimes had nothing to do with "Reagan's militarization of American foreign policy" because 1) it antedates the Reagan Presidency by more than four decades, and 2) Reagan did not militarize American foreign policy.

I will not debate whether I can or cannot "abide" political theory, whether I am a "tendentious intellectual," or whether I am able to match Mr. Goldfarb's comprehension of the totalitarian phenomenon. I will merely say that in the course of his studies Mr. Goldfarb seems to have absorbed more of the totalitarian ad hominem *manner of argumentation than behooves a critic of totalitarianism.*

There's one news analysis program considered "can't miss" by Washington officials. The McLaughlin Group.

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The Washington Times THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1989 /

BOOK REVIEW / Terence Jeffrey

Buckley, neatly woven

How's this for a sound bite: "The answer is, if the present world — the cosmos as it exists now, right now — is merely a *possible* cosmos, and everyone — I don't think anyone would say that the world cannot be otherwise than it is. And what can be otherwise than it is also is capable of not being at all. And if the present cosmos, being capable of being otherwise than it is, is also capable of not being at all, then *at this very moment*, unless *something* caused its existence in the sense of preventing it from being reduced into nothingness, nothingness would take its place. And so at this very instant, and at every instant in time in which the cosmos exists, without beginning or end, an exnihilating cause is operative. The act of God is that required cause, not in the sense of *initiating* the existence of the world, but in *preserving* it in existence. I think I learned more from Question 104 of the *Summa Theologica* than any other, in which Thomas explains that God's preservation of the cosmos is creative."

Now test your cultural literacy. The above was a guest's answer to a question posed by TV talk show host: (a) Mort Downey Jr., (b) Phil Donahue, (c) Ted Koppel, (d) Tom Braden, (e) Geraldo Rivera, (f) William F Buckley Jr.

Got it right, did ya? Well, then answer this one: Considering that the incorrect answers listed above have lately been competing for dominance of American television with NBA basketball, Roseanne, and Dan Rather live from the CBS satellite dish atop a Beijing hotel, why is it that our Creator continues to be so utterly catholic in his exnihilations?

Terence Jeffrey is an editorial writer for The Washington Times.

ON THE FIRING LINE
By William F. Buckley Jr.
Random House
$22.50, 533 pages

One must surmise from "On the Firing Line," a book composed of excerpts from William F. Buckley Jr.'s television program neatly woven together by his personal notes and asides, that Mr. Buckley believes the answer is that the God of creation is a God of hope. As "On the Firing Line" makes clear, this faith gives Mr. Buckley a special wit and optimism in dealing with lost causes ranging from John Kenneth Galbraith to George McGovern to Timothy Leary to G. Gordon Liddy.

It also gives him a special talent, completely unique in the world of broadcast punditry, to popularize the evangelical epiphanies of a Charles Colson or a Malcolm Muggeridge. Or, as per the quotation at the head of this column, the Thomistic perambulations of a Mortimer Adler.

Nitpicking right-wing hacks and punchdrunk ideologues have criticized Mr. Buckley in recent years for various perceived apostasies and sins of omission: He questioned the standing narcotics statutes. He tergiversated on the Panama Canal Treaty. He wasted his time on trivial pursuits like best-selling novels and sailing adventures. Such folks should read "On the Firing Line." It will not only remind them what this man has meant to the conservative cause, but also might stir in their minds a renascent sense of what conservatism fundamentally is.

Non-conservatives who approach the book gratuitously should be forewarned. Though "On the Firing Line" is as reader-friendly as Mr. Buckley's novels and sailing journals, as one journeys through its eloquent disputations, an undercurrent gradually draws one deeper and deeper into an appreciation of the author's basic presuppositions. In the end, the reader might even feel inspired.

The book is not a compendious encyclopedia of public issues and how they were debated by right and left over the past 20 years. But it does present a nice cross section of thought on "big issues" like the struggle against communism, the fate of democracy, race relations and economic justice. And as on the TV program itself, in his book Mr. Buckley takes the care and courtesy to allow his opponents the space to present their cases fully. There are passages where Mr. Buckley is bested and admits it.

Relatively early in the book, Mr. Buckley introduces Jean-Francoise Revel, the French intellectual whose 1984 book "How Democracies Perish" is viewed by Mr. Buckley as an updated version of the thinking of the late Whittaker Chambers and James Burnham, two former National Review editors. Mr. Revel tells Mr. Buckley that the West is losing to communism "because we never learn. We are faithful to an assumed — an alleged — international law whose definition goes back to Yalta or Helsinki which the Soviets simply do not respect; do not implement."

As the book progresses, Mr. Buckley gently refers the reader back to Mr. Revel's trenchant thinking each time he passes a "Firing Line" guest who has isolated a Revelian dilemma (James Michener, Theodore White, Margaret Thatcher) or who personifies one (William Sloane Coffin).

With the recent massacres in Beijing and the mass confusion as to whether or not Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev is a communist, this makes compelling reading.

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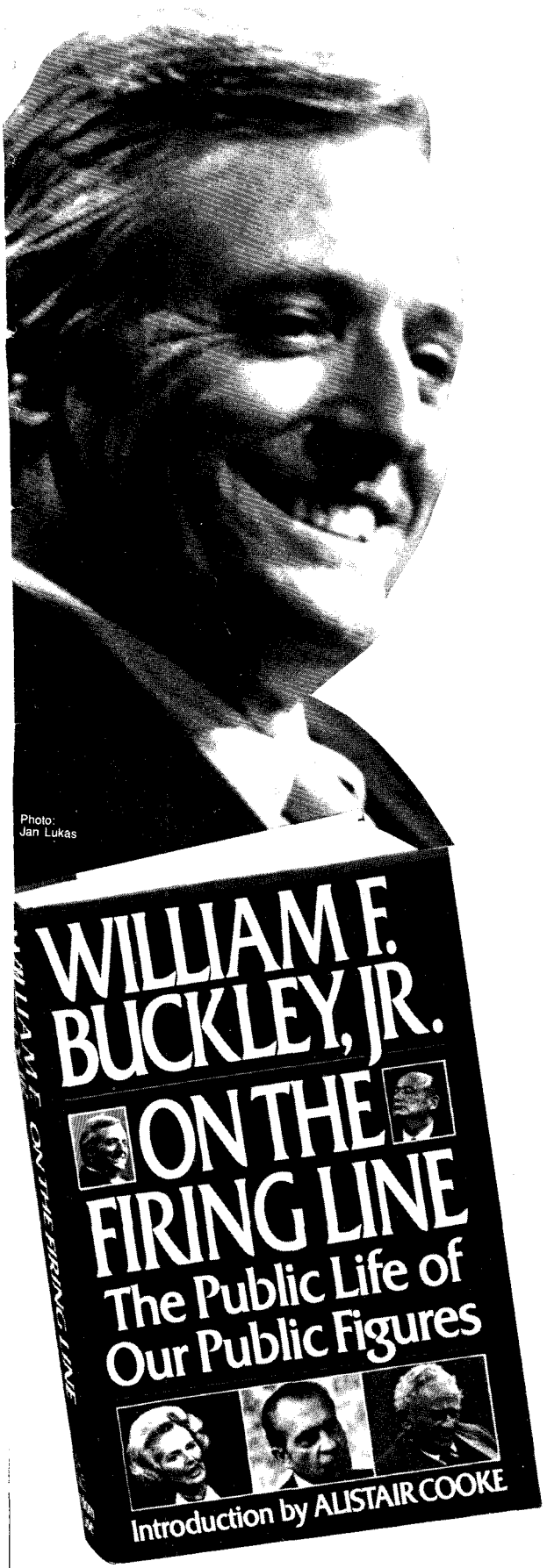
opy of this important new book.



"What makes this unlike any other book is Mr. Buckley's remarkable running commentary, which sustains a continuous critique of opposing attitudes and adds sharp, often funny scenes about the social aftermath of the show." **—Alistair Cooke (from his introduction)**

"Historically valuable . . . Its witty and learned discourses on the issues of our time make wonderful reading." **—Walter Cronkite**

"If you can put down William F. Buckley Jr.'s new book, *On the Firing Line*, you are better than I, my friend." **—Larry King**
"Larry King's People"—USA TODAY

"If you enjoy literary karate chops, delivered with elegance, this book is for you. Dullness is the one sin for which there is no expiation." **—Jack Valenti**
LOS ANGELES TIMES

". . . *On the Firing Line* remains both a stimulating intellectual entertainment and a useful compendium of a masterly debater's skills." **—Christopher Lehmann-Haupt**
NEW YORK TIMES

". . . The real pleasure of this work [*On the Firing Line*] is Buckley's artful commentary in which he illustrates 'manifest evasiveness' in some of his guests and 'fine reasoning' in others. Delightful and challenging reading." **—LIBRARY JOURNAL**

"A work not to be missed by anyone fascinated with the world and those who play leading roles in it." **—Sherm Strickhouser**
PROVIDENCE, R.I., JOURNAL

"*On the Firing Line* is nothing short of a scintillating collection." **—Rodney Stevens**
THE STATE, COLUMBIA, S.C.

"Vintage Buckley, sure to preach to the converted and outrage the skeptical, executed with maximum charm." **—The Kirkus Reviews**

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FOR THE RECORD

Big bucks, both pro and anti, went into battle to influence the Supreme Court on *Roe* v. *Wade*. Pro-abortion: National Abortion Rights Action League (NARAL) spent $2.5 million on print, radio, and TV ads; Planned Parenthood, $500,000 in print advertising; Committee to Support *Roe* v. *Wade*, $400,000 in TV campaign featuring former Rep. **Barbara Jordan**, actresses **Colleen Dewhurst**, **Joanne Woodward**, and **Sigourney Weaver**. Anti-abortion National Right to Life Committee put $150,000 into print advertising. . . . *Christian Science Monitor*'s political analyst, **Everett Carll Ladd** (of the **Roper** organization), concludes from study of recent and past polls that the majority of Americans believe abortion "should not be categorically banned," but also that "it should not be established as an absolute right." He points out that National Opinion Research Center (U. of Chicago) has, since 1978, regularly asked, "Should a pregnant woman be able to get a legal abortion no matter what the reason?" and has never found the proportion favoring unlimited abortion higher than 39 per cent. . . . At moment, 37 states ban public funding for abortion. . . . Conservative constitutional lawyer **Bruce Fein** points out that the larger significance of *Webster* decision is "that the Supreme Court is now 'a **Reagan** Court' for the next generation in addressing criminal-justice, social- and civil-rights issues." But also that "the days when losers in the legislative process regularly captured success in the Supreme Court are over." . . . Somewhat less reasoned was **Harry Schwartz**'s *USA Today* scare column on what might happen should the Court uphold *Roe* v. *Wade*: "There may well be systematic attempts to assassinate doctors who perform abortions. Or we may have snipers lying in wait to kill pregnant women entering abortion centers."

Nick / Rothco

Reaction to Tiananmen Square: Harvard civil libertarian **Alan Dershowitz** told *Boston Herald* he failed to get prominent leftists lawyer **William Kunstler** and Left ideologue **Noam Chomsky** to comment on slaying of student demonstrators. Dershowitz asked: "Where is [the Left's] anger when rights violations are perpetrated by regimes of the Left?" . . . **Gus Hall**, national chairman CPUSA, was "shocked" that civilians and soldiers lost their lives in the upheaval. But his condemnation of the massacre was limited to questioning whether "the [Chinese] army had over-reacted." . . . The Marxist weekly, *The Workers World Party*, denounced the students "as counterrevolutionaries" and commended the army for "its decisive action." . . . The usual bleeding-heart liberals were predictably outraged, and many—among them **Ed Asner** and **Mike Farrell** (actors), **William Sloane Coffin** and **Randall Forsberg** (Nuclear Freezers), **Barry Commoner** (environmentalist), **Daniel Ellsberg** (Pentagon Paper-ist), **Allen Ginsberg** (poet, Beat)—signed a letter in support of the students' right to demonstrate for democracy. . . . In San Francisco, **Reuben Barr** (veteran of **Abraham Lincoln** Brigade) gave evidence in letter to Communist *People's Daily World* that he has learned nothing in half a century. "The press, and the President," he wrote, "who had remained silent or helped every fascist government in South Africa, Palestine, and El Salvador now came out for democracy in China! Throw stones in others' windows while yours are filthy, fits the current American policy."

Kate Michelman of NARAL says her group plans to "involve itself heavily" in New Jersey gubernatorial campaign, where Republican **Jim Courter** is pro-life and Democrat **Jim Florio** pro-choice. Latest *Bergen Record* poll in New Jersey shows Florio leading Courter 32 to 24 per cent. "This," says **Evans & Novak** of a race in which both sides may be involved in HUD scandals, "will be a long and bloody one." . . . In nation's other gubernatorial contest this year, Republican **Marshall Coleman** is running ahead of Democrat **Doug Wilder** in Virginia. . . . New York's mayoral campaign, with primaries not until September, already plenty dirty. Former U.S. Attorney **Rudy Giuliani**—who has Liberal endorsement and is going after Republican nomination—says he won't use mayor's office as "a pulpit to defend Israel or other foreign causes," in stab at **Ed Koch**, who is Jewish. . . . Republican contender **Ronald Lauder** is airing TV commercials attacking Giuliani's record as a prosecutor, charging he got more headlines than convictions. . . . Latest *New York Post* poll shows Koch trailing **David Dinkins**, the black Manhattan Borough President, by 39 to 24 per cent in Democratic primary, and Giuliani leading Lauder, 61 to 21 per cent, in GOP primary. . . . In Massachusetts, gubernatorial candidacy of **William Weld** is running into trouble with **Ed Meese** loyalists. Weld resigned from Justice Department last year in protest against Meese. The Massachusetts race is in 1990. . . . Rep. **Lynn Martin** has made it official: she will run against Sen. **Paul Simon**. She has support of Illinois heavyweight Republicans **Charles Percy**, whom Simon beat, and House Minority Leader **Robert Michel**.

Appeared in "Death Notices" column of *Los Angeles Times*, June 30: "DIED: The American flag, in Washington, D.C., on June 21, 1989; of Arson; by 5 old men."

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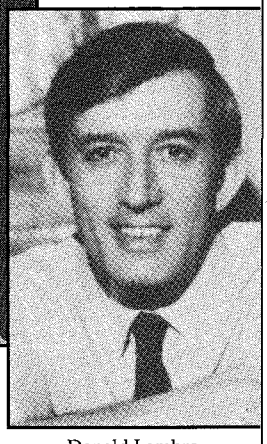
James Kilpatrick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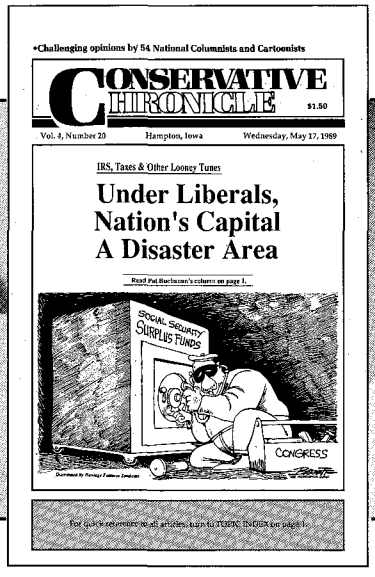
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THE WEEK

☐ Andrei Gromyko has made it through another funeral with no change of expression.

☐ The Supreme Court, further clarifying our fundamental law, has ruled that Nativity scenes are taboo but Christmas trees and menorahs are okay on public property during what Justice Blackmun calls "the winter-holiday season." Brennan, Marshall, Stevens, and O'Connor joined Blackmun on the Nativity scenes but Brennan, Stevens, and Marshall dissented on the menorah while Kennedy, Rehnquist, White, and Scalia agreed about the menorah but disagreed about the crèche and Kennedy and Blackmun are not speaking to each other.

☐ On April 7, 1986, a terrorist bomb explosion in a West Berlin disco killed two people and provoked a retaliatory U.S. strike on Tripoli. On July 12, 1989, a remarkable prime-time special segment of *American Interests* broadcast on PBS charged that the attack on the disco was funded in part by a $600-million commercial loan made by Western banks to East Germany's Deutsche Aussenhandelsbank. Entitled "Follow the Money," the program argues that under existing banking practices it is virtually impossible to prevent Western loans for *perestroika* from being diverted to folks like Colonel Qaddafi, the Sandinistas, and the Red Brigades. What makes this worrisome is that Moscow's move into international capital markets, made all the more easy by undemanding bankers, opens up the possibility of having Western banks fund the bankrupt Soviet war machine. Indeed, far from dissuading creditors, says Lawrence Brainard of Banker's Trust, the totalitarian nature of the Soviet system is viewed by bankers as "providing them with the full guarantee of their loans." There you have it: capitalist rope for sale—no questions asked and easy credit guaranteed.

☐ Leo Damore's *Senatorial Privilege* was long ignored by the major book-review media, though its growing celebrity months after publication produced grudging notice. It has now climbed to the number-one spot on the paperback best-seller list, and long may it remain there. It tells the whole squalid truth of Chappaquiddick. This was certainly known in outline, but Damore got Joseph Gargan, the Kennedy cousin and crony, to spill the beans. Twenty years after that fateful July night, Duke's County grand-jury foreman Leslie Leland (*Newsweek*, July 3) spilled a few more. Leland described the threats of police who "took him for a ride," the threats of contempt of court, and the refusal of the judge to permit the grand jury to call witnesses. Gagged, the jury went home. Twenty years later, *NR* herewith awards Mr. Kennedy the Lord Jim Trophy for Collapsed Character.

☐ The Supreme Court rules that Congress can prohibit obscene phone calls but not indecent phone calls. We got to wondering how this is possible and checked Webster's New International Dictionary, Third Edition. It lists indecent as a synonym for obscene and obscene as a synonym for indecent. It takes government minds to sort this kind of thing out.

☐ Much the most significant aspect of the meeting between South Africa's President, P. W. Botha, and its premier political prisoner, Nelson Mandela, is the embarrassed reaction of the African National Congress. Congress leaders in Lusaka were, in the time-honored phrase, not available for comment. And Mrs. Mandela herself—perhaps we should say "the controversial Mrs. Mandela" in view of her involvement in the torture and death of a black youth—as good as told people to pay no attention to this "meeting between a prisoner and his captors." Only Chief Buthelezi expressed approval, and we know how little weight TransAfrica's Randall Robinson attaches to *him*. It has long been plain that the black resistance in South Africa is a ramshackle coalition only held together by detestation of apartheid. While apartheid was apparently an immovable object, the coalition held and allowed Marxist radicals to call the tune. As apartheid erodes, the different factions begin to stake out their positions. Somewhat to our surprise, Nelson Mandela is emerging as, well, the white hope of the moderates. It begins to look as if the wrong Mandela is in jail.

☐ Has the last icon of the Soviet state fallen? Not yet, but an assault upon the cult of Lenin is under way. Commentators on Moscow television recently called for an end to the Soviet founder's "deification," and suggested his body be removed from the Red Square mausoleum. *Novy Mir*, the influential journal

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of the Soviet writer's union (which, by the way, has readmitted Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn), printed an article charging Lenin with the creation of state terror, and, most notably, the literary magazine *October* has begun to serialize Vassily Grossman's *Forever Flowing*, a novel written in 1963, but never before published in the Soviet Union. It portrays Lenin as a ruthless, uncouth fanatic, an intolerant man with an "implacable drive to achieve his purpose," and speaks of "his contempt for freedom, his cruelty toward those who held different opinions . . . his capacity to wipe off the face of the earth, without trembling, not only fortresses, but entire counties, districts, and provinces that questioned his orthodox truth." Soviet hard-liners have begun to complain of "antisocial bias" in the media. Now *that* is *glasnost.*

☐ Will the National Council of Churches ever learn?* At a conference it sponsored in late April it called for the withdrawal of U.S. troops from South Korea and the reunification of the Koreas. This stirred up a storm in the large Korean-American Christian community in Southern California which points out that there is no religious freedom in North Korea. One Korean minister told the *Los Angeles Times* that two of the four North Korean Christian church delegates to the Washington conference "could not sing the hymns at all" and had difficulties locating Biblical passages. The North Korean churchmen claimed there were ten thousand Christians in North Korea who were free to worship in about five hundred "home churches." But when nine U.S. Korean ministers traveled to North Korea to check on religious freedom there, North Korean officials were unable to find a single one of the five hundred underground churches to show them.

☐ Mexican science has been unable to explain why first-class mail from Mexico City often takes six weeks to reach Cuernavaca, fifty miles distant and downhill most of the way. One theory now gaining favor is that postal clerks are overworked, and that after they have finished extracting money orders from airmail letters from the United States, their workday is pretty well shot. Plans to investigate that possibility have been shelved temporarily for several years in face of a threatened strike by the postal union.

☐ The flood of eulogies for I. F. Stone surges on, and we're still waiting for someone to mention Joe Stalin. Imagine an obituary for Charlie McCarthy that didn't mention Edgar Bergan.

☐ Hugh Hefner finally tied the knot, and you'll never guess what the bride wore. *Clothes.*

☐ Blessed be. Mr. Carlos Menem is the new president of Argentina, giving us the first palindrome in office we can recall since U Nu and Lon Nol. Mr. Sununu is in the nice-try category, but only works in the possessive.

☐ The shirt worn during the presidential campaign by now Majority Leader Richard Gephardt—Mr. Protectionism, Mr. Foreign Tariffs—is on display at the Museum of Natural History in Washington. It is made of 100 per cent imported cotton.

☐ In England, the Union Jack is (quite legally) used on undergarments. Just think. If we made stars-and-stripes lingerie, feminists could burn their bras and flags at the same time.

*No.

Stroking China

Some things, such as civilian jets,
Unlike fast food or cigarettes,
Are just too lucrative to stop;
So Baker, playing traffic cop,
First gave the boss a ting-a-ling,
Then slipped four Boeings to Peking.

W. H. von Dreele

This Is the Way A World Ends

Three politicians were recently buried, one of them, remarkably, disinterred and re-buried: Andrei Gromyko, Janos Kadar, and Imre Nagy. With them, a ghastly and aberrant era in human history was being interred as well, though before it is all over tens of thousands of others will certainly die in the death throes of that monstrous mistake.

Andrei Gromyko was the complete Stalinist. If ever there were a New Soviet Man, Gromyko was it. Called at the age of 29 to the Foreign Ministry by Molotov in 1939, the year of the cynical Hitler-Stalin Pact, Gromyko dutifully followed every twist of the Party line. As Nikita Khrushchev said of him, "If I tell my foreign minister to sit on a block of ice and stay there for months, he will do it without backtalk."

Nothing at all fazed Gromyko, not the betrayal of agreements on Poland, not Katyn forest, not the murder of Masaryk during the take-over of Czechoslovakia, not Hungary or the lurch toward nuclear war over Cuba. He never missed a session of the UN, and his eloquent *Nyet*s and stony visage made him the man the West loved to hate. He looked John Kennedy in the eye in the Oval Office and denied that the Soviets were building missile bases in Cuba. Kennedy, who had a stack of aerial photographs, did not bother

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to show them to Gromyko and smiled at his brazenness.

In recommending Gorbachev as Party leader in 1985, Gromyko used an interesting metaphor: "Comrades, this man has a nice smile, but he has iron teeth." Gorbachev proved it shortly thereafter by stripping Gromyko of office and power and putting one of his own men in his place.

We cannot know Gorbachev's subjective intentions and preferences. He may well believe, as suggested by his recent statements, in a "European family" and in his renunciation of force in "Europe." But Gorbachev has also found himself swept along in a quickening millstream of global history.

Poland and Hungary are breaking away, carefully and slowly. In 1956, Imre Nagy was the loyal Communist premier, but he got caught up in the nationalist fervor of the uprising and went over to the side of the Hungarian rebels, momentarily withdrawing Hungary from the Warsaw Pact. When Soviet tanks crushed the Hungarians, Nagy was tortured and hanged as a traitor. His successor, Janos Kadar, was supposed to be another puppet, but in his own way was a traitor too. His pre-*perestroika* economic policies produced a relative Hungarian prosperity known as "goulash Communism." Kadar, a Communist fundamentalist from early youth, presided over an important stage in the disintegration of Communism.

In May 1988 the aging and ailing Kadar was replaced by Karoly Grosz as general secretary. Hungary's Communists are promising contested elections and a multi-party system.

And Imre Nagy's corpse has been disinterred from its anonymous traitor's grave and re-buried with the honors due a national hero—and, it is now beginning to look, a world-historical hero. In retrospect, it was wise of the Reagan Administration to return to Budapest the Crown of St. Stephen, which we had held since 1945—an irreplaceable symbol of the Hungarian nation. Meanwhile, in Poland, experimental elections have been held which resulted in total defeat for the Communist candidates. Solidarity sits legitimized in a new Polish parliament.

Such legitimacy as Communist rule ever possessed was based upon a nineteenth-century theory of "scientific" history, rather than upon the traditional basis of "consent," active or passive, of the governed. Kings and dictators throughout history have been overthrown when the governed withdrew consent. In theory, the Party would never be overthrown.

Now that the "scientific" theory of legitimacy is a bad joke, force is all that remains. In the short run it may work, but not very well. It is up against nationalism, religion, economic reality, a communications revolution, and the desire for freedom.

Many expert Sinologists now say that in China the army "restored order" with extreme reluctance, that Deng Xiaoping, while dying, has "emperor status" like Mao's, but is the last man who will have it. Many Sinologists think that when Deng dies, the army will repudiate Tiananmen Square, purge the surviving Dengists, and run the country through the seven generals who control the seven military districts.

The Communist doctrine is dead. The Crown of St. Stephen is back in Hungary, and Jefferson and Lincoln were in Tiananman Square. Many things are coming to an end as the twentieth century begins to close its books, and Imre Nagy, tortured and hanged in 1956 was one of the first Communist bosses to know it.

Regards, from Sam Pierce

Jack Kemp, who hoped his current job
Would let him play the net to lob
A lazy ball toward '92,
Has found his predecessor blew
The set and match before he came,
Which is, if you're for Jack, a shame.

W. H. von Dreele

Abortion on the Line

The Supreme Court's decision in the *Webster* abortion case might not have been totally satisfying from a jurisprudential point of view, but in chipping away at *Roe* v. *Wade* and restoring to the states some measure of legislative authority over abortion, the Justices have created a new order. It is an uncertain one, however, with potential pitfalls for both the pro-choice and the pro-life sides.

For pro-choicers, the pitfalls are obvious. The myriad polls on which they have relied for so many years to demonstrate majority acceptance of abortion-on-demand will now have to give way to living and breathing state legislators. The force of a judicial edict which endorsed their position uncritically has been replaced by the necessity of persuading a diverse range of elected representatives in the fifty states.

For pro-lifers, the pitfalls of the new order are more subtle. In the euphoria of even a limited judicial victory such as *Webster*, it is easy to forget that neither Senator Helms nor Senator Hatch has yet prevailed. The Helms strategy of expanding the Fourteenth Amendment concept of "personhood" to include the unborn, and otherwise to read into the Constitution protections for the child in the womb, is no closer to achievement today than when it was originally proposed.

The Hatch "human-life federalism" strategy, which envisioned a restoration of the status quo ante *Roe* as the states were re-empowered to legislate on abor-

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tion, is now apparently being incrementally implemented by the Court, but against a backdrop vastly different from the situation prior to 1973. *Roe*, like most High Court decisions, has exerted a moral and cultural influence upon the country. The tolerance for abortion that has developed over the past 16 years ensures that merely de-constitutionalizing the issue will not suffice to re-create the regime that existed prior to *Roe*—one in which 49 states of the Union imposed significant restrictions on abortion.

The responsible pro-life leadership in the country must be prepared to build upon the *Webster* decision (three significant cases are scheduled to be heard by the Court during its next term, which begins in October), recognizing at the same time that the current mainstream position in the country is not too much closer to its own than to the abortion-on-demand perspective. On issues such as parental authority over the abortion decisions of minors, spousal consultation, and late abortions, the pro-life position is probably a majority one in most states; on the issue of outlawing non-therapeutic abortions generally, it probably is not.

Thus—amidst understandable delight at such reactions as Justice Blackmun's lament over the Court majority's "disregard" for precedent, Congressman Don Edwards's call for a remedial constitutional amendment, and a feminist columnist in the *Washington Post*'s decrying of "judicial activism"—there should be no illusions about the continuing legal, political, and educational job ahead. There is a consensus in this country for something other than the status quo, but it is not yet a pro-life consensus. While everything possible should be done to transform this consensus, it should be recognized that the best way of doing this is by aggressive political organizing and intelligent and responsible argument, not by zealotry. There will be more than enough of such behavior on the part of those whose low estimation of the democratic process has found judicial expression for the past 16 years in the opinions of Justice Blackmun.

Iran-Contra: Still Trying

SO, AFTER two and a half years of to-do and the wrecking of our Central American policy, Oliver North gets a fat fine, 1,200 public-service hours in a drug program, and two years' probation. Pretty light for a shredder of the Constitution; even murderers in New York City get more.

As far as liberals are concerned, the pickings from Iran-Contra get slimmer and slimmer. Many of them tried to put a brave face on things. Judge Gesell's characterization of North as a "low-ranking subordinate" "continues to point the finger of responsibility upward," as the *New York Times* put it (and allows investigations to continue onward, as the subtext put it). Special Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh, the impresario of investigation, appeared to have a more realistic view. "Sentencing," he said, in what the papers called a "terse" statement, "is uniquely a matter for the judgment of the trial judge. We had full opportunity to present our views. We have no further comment." If you can't say anything nice, say something terse.

The special prosecutor—an entity that careens through the judicial system like a rogue asteroid—was set in motion with the expectation, and the hope, that misdeeds might lead, Watergate-like, all the way to the top. The prospect seems more and more remote. A jury found North guilty of only three of the indictments brought against him (and they were three of the most trivial). The most serious conspiracy charges never even made it to the indictment stage. John Poindexter will spend many sweaty months, but almost certainly no one else (Judge Gesell called North the subordinate of only "a few cynical superiors").

The fact remains that the whole farce could have been cut short by an early presidential pardon. If they did not connive with Ronald Reagan in the Oval Office, Poindexter and North also were not acting in a vacuum. The Administration was plainly, and properly, dedicated to supporting the Contras, and to thrusting the Sandinistas from power. The admiral and the colonel took steps—whose unconstitutionality in the eyes of Jim Wright does not render them so *sub specie aeternatis*—to further those goals. They deserve better of their Commanders-in-Chief than an okay day in court.

What's Coming

As transubstantiation once
  Divided Germany in two,
And Charles persuaded Englishmen
  He and his head must bid adieu,
Abortion as an issue will
  Metastasize in all the states,
While knee and knuckle battles rage
  And bitterness accumulates.

W. H. VON DREELE

Burn, Baby, Burn!

JUST WHEN the sensible Reagan Court seemed finally to have coalesced, a five-man majority (including two Reagan appointees) discovered that burning the American flag is included in the First Amendment's protection of free speech. The ruling led to an especially fiery Fourth this year.

Foreigners wonder why the ruling caused such out-

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rage. No other country regards its flag as sacred; after all, every flag is a replica, and millions of little flags are manufactured in places like Taiwan. What's the point of declaring them all to be potential subjects of "desecration"?

Well, the American flag is just special, that's all. It stands for everything Americans revere in their country and its history. That's why Gregory Lee Johnson, an incoherent malcontent, chose to set it aflame.

To call flag-burning "speech" is the sort of point-stretching the Supreme Court has specialized in since the Earl Warren era, and by now Americans deserve surcease from that sort of thing. A good argument can be made that the law, and especially the Constitution, should not be concerned with acts so materially inconsequential as Johnson's. But if the states want to prohibit such acts, they are within their own constitutional rights.

Speaking for the Court's majority, William Brennan said: "To paraphrase Justice Holmes, we submit that nobody can suppose that this one gesture of an unknown man will change our nation's attitude toward the flag." A few paragraphs later, Brennan was even more optimistic: "We are tempted to say, in fact, that the flag's deservedly cherished place in our community will be strengthened, not weakened, by our holding today." It was the latter prediction that proved true, though not in the way Brennan intended, when the ruling was answered by a flood of proposed constitutional amendments designed to countermand it.

The uproar showed that the Court has used up its credit with the public. Until now, most Americans have deferred to the Court's startling innovations in constitutional interpretation. This time the Justices ventured to contradict plain common sense about a venerated object, and were greeted with such angry contempt as might greet an archbishop who declared baseball immoral. They can best preserve their reputation as experts by avoiding subjects everyone understands.

The flag ruling brought on a healthy demystification—not of the flag, but of the Court. It had another beneficial result: on July 4, feminists protested the Court's July 3 abortion ruling by exercising their new right to torch Old Glory. In the court of public opinion, where they'll have to sell their views from now on, they're getting off on the wrong foot.

Ethics and Virtue

THE ETHICS IN GOVERNMENT ACT, under which Lyn Nofziger was convicted of lobbying the White House too soon after leaving it, is no model of clarity. That, at any rate, was the opinion of the trial judge. The Court of Appeals has now decided that the ambiguity is sufficient to void Nofziger's conviction.

The killer word was an adverb, "knowingly," which bobbed up early in the turbid sentence defining proscribed actions. If it applied to all the clauses that floated after it, it would, in the opinion of any careful (though, considering the density of the prose, weary) reader, exculpate Nofziger, whose knowledge of his own offense the government had not been able to prove. Until Fowler can be recalled from the tomb to rewrite the law, it is unclear. In which case, as Judge James Buckley ruled, "canons of statutory construction require that an ambiguous statute be interpreted in the defendant's favor."

Washington conservatives celebrated an old friend's rescue from criminal taint. But the case has a larger interest. It is ironic, of course, that Congress, in a frenzy to clean up political standards, could not formulate any that would withstand the test of an appeal. The larger irony was noted, some years ago, by Michael Kinsley: the true scandal of Washington life is not what is illegal, but what is legal. If you held up the capital like a piggy bank and shook it until every flack for farmers, businessmen, minorities, and defense contractors fell out, it would be empty. Some of the programs they lobby for, in and out of government, are wise and proper. But our standards of judging such matters are fallen so low that the only rules that can be brought to bear are the fundamentalisms of etiquette periodically devised by moralizers—as if the only grounds for condemning a cannibal were that he used a salad fork. When republican virtue goes, ethics in government fills the vacuum.

The Pol Pot Alternative

IN A MAJOR SPEECH at the Heritage Foundation a fortnight ago, Vice President Quayle analyzed what lies ahead for the long-battered people of Cambodia and asked, rhetorically: "Will members of either party in either House vote down the concept of meaningful assistance to the non-Communists and thereby risk a return to power of Pol Pot's genocidal regime?"

The Vice President's question came too late. Congress has done very little to increase its support of Prince Sihanouk and the non-Communist resistance in Cambodia—and time is running out. By the end of September, Vietnamese troops will be out of Cambodia, leaving in place Hun Sen, a former Khmer Rouge commander, whom the Vietnamese installed in power in Phnom Penh when they drove Pol Pot and his murderers out in 1978. It was hoped that by now Prince Sihanouk would, with the help of U.S. aid, be strong enough to head an interim government until such time as the Cambodian people could elect leaders of their own choosing. But Congress was more concerned this spring with John Tower and Jim Wright than with what remains of the Cambodian people, and what grisly future may yet be in store for them.

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With no ace up his sleeve, Secretary of State James Baker admitted to ASEAN leaders in Brunei last week that the U.S. might be willing (read it: is willing) to accept Hanoi's and Moscow's puppet regime while hoping that Sihanouk will emerge as a head of state "with real powers." We have chosen the lesser of two evils: Hun Sen is undoubtedly preferable to Pol Pot, the third force in the field.

The U.S. track record on this kind of deal with the Communists in Asia is poor. When the U.S. went to the negotiating table during the Vietnam War to set up a tripartite regime in Laos, the result was the loss not only of Laos but ultimately of South Vietnam and Cambodia as well.

Or Cut Bait

YITZHAK SHAMIR, the man who as these words are written is prime minister of Israel (his government may fall at any moment), after seeming to encourage elections in the occupied territories, turned around and attached conditions that will make elections impossible.

Neither his Likud nor the PLO, despite their protestations, is eager for any movement on the matter. Likud fears that the PLO is playing for the whole ball of wax, while the PLO—is playing for the whole ball of wax. These concerns are not equivalent. Likud fears for Israel's survival, and in international politics survival has no equivalent.

But Likud and the PLO are not the only forces in play, and the survival of Israel is not in fact the issue at hand. The issue is that Israel continues to occupy, as it has for 22 years, territory to which it has no claim and no title. The totalists in Shamir's party and beyond it—the Sharons and the Kahanes—want the occupation to continue *in saecula saeculorum*. Shamir, after wobbling in the direction of the first step (of about ten thousand steps) necessary to ease the situation, has bowed to their pressure. Conspicuous among the pressurers are Israeli settlers on the West Bank—people who have no right to be where they are, lobbying to guarantee their continued presence.

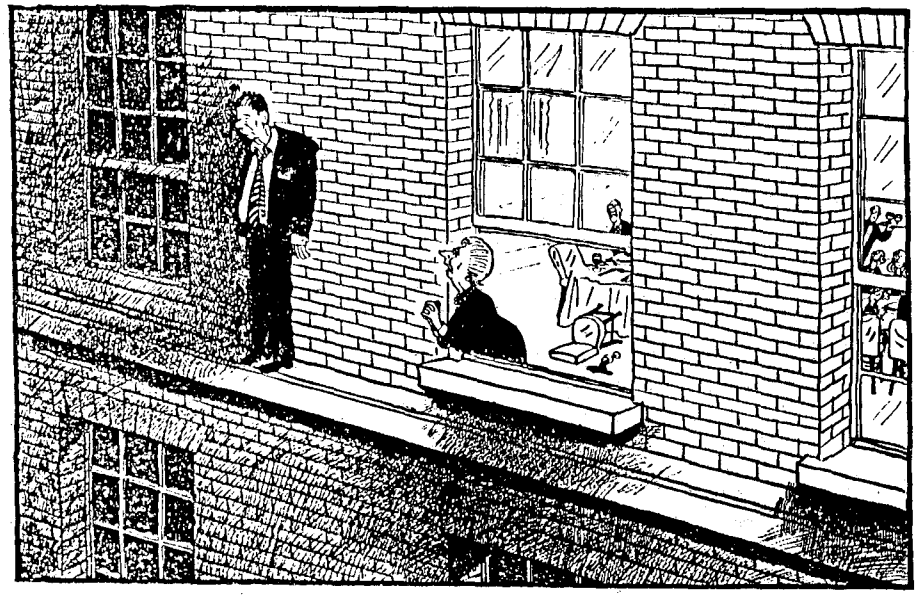
It is endlessly said that there is only one democracy in the Middle East. Considering the constipation of Israeli politics, it might be better to say, in the manner of the Unitarians, that there is at most one democracy in the Middle East. The Labor Party of Shimon Peres is more exasperated by Israeli bitterendedness than any critic in America, but the Israeli political system, which is based on proportional representation of the most fragmented sort, prevents any major party from proposing a coherent program of change. Peres lacks the votes, Shamir lacks the guts, and so the country remains hostage to religious and expansionist fanatics.

That doesn't mean this country is so hampered. The Israeli occupation, besides being unjust, drains the will and the resources of the occupiers—in other words, weakens an ally. It keeps Arab and world opinion united on a factitious issue and, derivatively, arrayed against us. We should do whatever it takes to drive sense into Israeli heads. The evidence suggests it will take a lot.

French Revolution, Adieu

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION will ever rest in controversy, as Charles Dickens knew when he wrote about it as the best of times and the worst of times. Was the Terror a product of ideology or of circumstances? Or both, and to what degree? The answer: Pick your historian.

What is most striking about the 1989 bicentennial is that this time the Revolution has not divided France politically and culturally. Indeed, the public attitude has been one of bemused indifference. In 1889 the wounds were still very deep and French politics had a different configuration. Republicans and Catholic traditionalists fired paper broadsides at each other. The same was true of the Dreyfus case, and of the *Action Française* controversies of the Twenties and Thirties. The Vichy regime enlisted the support of a good many followers of Charles Maurras, not including Charles de Gaulle. The Communists, who considered themselves the heirs of the Revolution, were



"It's true, Ronnie. I did say that President Bush and I had a special relationship—but honestly, not as special as ours!"

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Doomsday Again

GREENHOUSE EFFECT got you down? The ozone hole? Acid rain? AIDS? In fact, doomsday scenarios have been the rage for at least ten thousand years, according to Texas A&M economists Charles Maurice and Charles Smithson. In *The Doomsday Myth* (Hoover Institution Press, 1984) they recount mankind's uncanny ability to benefit from the seemingly disastrous raw-material shortage, health crisis, or climatic shift.

One of the most momentous and, as it turns out, fortunate economic transformations in history—the shift from nomadic hunter-gatherer to food producer—was made necessary by the retreat of the ice sheet circa 8000 B.C. Had this ancient warming trend not occurred, had part of the population not been forced to specialize in the production of food, mankind would never have achieved the manpower surplus needed to develop manufacturing, trade, and the arts. Total world population, according to some estimates, would have topped out at twenty to thirty million.

An equally profound revolution was catalyzed by the Black Plague, which killed from 35 to 65 per cent of Europe's population between 1348 and 1350, 80 per cent of the deaths coming within three days of contracting the disease.

ESTIMATED EUROPEAN POPULATIONS
(in millions)

	1300	1400	% Decline
England	3.7	2.3	37.8
France	17.5	11.5	34.3
Germany	17.0	12.0	29.4
Italy	8.5	6.0	29.4

Labor suddenly became a scarce commodity. In England the initial response was a series of laws freezing wages and restricting the right of peasants to migrate to higher-paying occupations in the towns. Eventually real wages rose more than three-fold, forcing most landowners to raise sheep, which required little labor, instead of grain, which had been harvested using labor-intensive techniques unchanged from Roman times. Water power replaced manpower in the mills that turned wool into cloth, and England, a net importer of cloth before the Black Plague, was suddenly competitive enough to export to the rest of Europe.

Teddy Roosevelt's environmentalism was a reaction to the "inexorable" depletion of the nation's timber supply, a problem remediable only by reforesting the nation's commercial timberlands, according to the U.S. Forest Service. In fact, the timber gap became a timber glut long before any of the Forest Service's seedlings bore fruit. Skyrocketing timber prices induced the railroads, which had been the largest consumer of timber, to season and preserve the wood used for railroad ties, to shift from wood to metal cars, and to substitute iron, steel, or concrete for wood in bridges. Timber prices fell, and reforestation proved to be the Synfuels project of the early 1900s.

The U.S. petroleum industry was created by private entrepreneurs in response to the imminent depletion of whales and their oil. U.S. tire manufacturers began using synthetic rubber in 1940—after Japan conquered regions producing 98 per cent of all natural rubber, but before the inevitable U.S. Government project. The Iron Age supplanted the Bronze Age not because iron was deemed the superior metal, but because the supply of tin used in the manufacture of bronze was suddenly cut off.

Economic or ecological disaster is always possible, of course. The point is that when free to act in their own self-interest, individuals will minimize that probability.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

very strong after World War II, boosting themselves on the myth of the Resistance.

But that all seems very long ago now. Controversies over the French Revolution remain sharp, but mostly in the academy. France today is prosperous, more so than at any other time in its history. There is some comedy in the fact that the nominally Socialist François Mitterrand is behaving like a monarch, and being mocked for it. Complaints are loud that the festivities are costing too much. M. Mitterrand should be reminded that one of the major complaints about Louis XVI concerned courtly extravagance.

Mary Gauerke, RIP

THE HIPPIES of the Sixties and Seventies were to Mary Gauerke what Eleanor Roosevelt was to Westbrook Pegler, Jimmy Carter to Jeff MacNelly: quite simply irresistible. No one before or since has

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captured the spirit of hippiedom as did Mary Gauerke: here they were, the disorderly, blue-jeaned, long-haired, lank-mustached, sad-eyed, bejangled and beaded, pot-smoking sons and daughters of Aquarius.

The hippies turned Mary Gauerke on, and she did not tune out until she and the nation were done with them. They transformed a suburban hausfrau, a partner in an upstate-New York pickle and sauerkraut factory, into a Daumier who could destroy with penstroke and caption their poses and pretensions.

Mary Gauerke's first cartoon arrived over the transom in January 1966 and was published in an early February issue. It was a rare issue of *NR* that went to bed anytime in the next ten or 15 years without a distinctive Gauerke drawing.

Her work in NATIONAL REVIEW attracted editorial attention elsewhere. And soon she was to be seen in *The New Yorker*, *Look*, *Playboy*, *McCall's*, *Gourmet*. She was also for a brief period syndicated. She illustrated two of Bill von Dreele's books of verse, *There's Something about a Liberal* and *If Liberals Had Feathers . . . gee (What a Hunter I Would Be)*, and in the process they became dear friends.

Mary could herself have stepped out of a Charles Addams cartoon of 1930s vintage. When we first knew her she was slim-to-gauntish, of middle height, deathly pale. She wore her dark hair swept forward over her cheekbones. She was aquiline of nose, wore blood-red lipstick that matched the red of the long nails at the end of the long slim fingers that held a long black cigarette holder never without a cigarette. She teetered on spike heels and was ever in black. But behind that dragon-lady façade was a warmth and wit, a sparkling conversationalist, and a keen political intelligence. Her friendship once given was never withdrawn.

In the late Seventies, Mary Gauerke faded from the scene along with the hippies who had provided the target she needed to bring her artistry to fruition. The eagerly awaited packages of Gauerke roughs from which the finished cartoons were drawn arrived more and more rarely from Tenafly, New Jersey, and finally came no more. And no more did Mary herself come to New York to join us for lunch or an *NR* function. She was not up to it, sadly reported Bill von Dreele, who continued to visit her to the end.

Mary Gauerke died a fortnight back, age 62, of heart failure, leaving behind a grieving husband, saddened colleagues and friends, and a body of work that will not soon fade from the minds of those who riffled through the pages of *NR* for so many years to see just what that irrepressible, outrageously funny Mary Gauerke was up to this week. —PLB

August 1967

"Enjoy being a teenybopper while it lasts, my dear. You'll have all the rest of your life to be a hippie."

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Memo to: Our Readers
From: WFB

In the July 14 issue a cartoon caption contained a profanity which we intended to delete but did not, owing to a failure in communication. We regret its appearance.

☐ Dear Bill:

I know the oxymoron issue has run its course, but nevertheless I thought you would be interested in what John Brittain, a professor at the University of Connecticut Law School, had to say about integrating Connecticut's schools in the *New York Times* of April 28, 1989. To wit: "We believe in mandatory voluntary cooperation."

Cordially,
Andrew H. Wolff
Easton, Conn.

☐ Memo to: Our readers (especially librarians)
From: WFB

NATIONAL REVIEW publishes 25 issues per year. This year, instead of dropping two weeks at Christmastime, the decision was to drop one week in July, another in December. Accordingly this issue (dated August 4) comes one week late. And in December, there will be three weeks between the issue dated December 31 and the one dated January 27. If you can't stand a week without our critical commentary, call Wick Allison collect and he will fill you in.

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☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am enclosing an article written by one of our local columnists for the *Maries County Gazette*, which I think you will find amusing.

Sincerely,
Gail Malone
Vienna, Mo.

From the Front Seat
By Henry Evans

THE OBFUSCATOR

A few years ago someone in Washington had the bright idea of asking all the government bureaus and departments there to write all their papers and memos in everyday English which everyone could understand instead of their usual "federalese" which no one but the writer could understand. When that news story came over the wire a newspaper editor decided to have a little fun with it so the heading he wrote for the story said Eschew Obfuscation, or, avoid lack of clearness.

Today I would like to nominate a new Champion of Obfuscation who is not a government bureaucrat at all but, rather, a syndicated newspaper columnist and magazine publisher and editor who ought to know better and who probably does but is being perverse. He is William F. Buckley Jr., whose column appears in several hundred newspapers and whose magazine, NATIONAL REVIEW is one of the major voices of the conservative side of the political spectrum.

To put it bluntly, Buckley is worse than a bureaucratic obfuscator; he is a lexiocographical snob, to use a kind of phrase he might use himself. He is a show-off who uses words no one but himself knows the meaning of and by sending his readers to the dictionary with every other paragraph he writes he thinks he is demonstrating his superiority over us lesser mortals. For my part, I think he belongs in jail; I do not believe the freedom of speech or of the press was meant for the likes of him.

Now, we have to be a little careful here. In a book of his I read last week, *Execution Eve*, which is a collection of his columns and essays as well as some correspondence, I encountered six unfamiliar words in a matter of forty pages, pages 419 through 459. I went to the dictionary for every one of them and got madder and madder with each one of them. I started hoping I would not find them in the dictionary so I could accuse him of making them up, but I found them all. Now, he can claim he should not be blamed for using properly any word found in the dictionary, but let's be reasonable about it: I have spent all these years using the English language to earn a living and I have a reasonably good, maybe not great, but reasonably good vocabulary and when I have to go to the dictionary six times within forty pages, I can only assume I am reading the words of a lexiocographical snob.

First he gives us SYNECDOCHE, a figure of speech in which the whole is used for the part or the part for the whole. Then ADUMBRATED, to darken or conceal partly, to overshadow; this was followed by VELLEITY, a mere wish with no effort to obtain it. From there he takes us to MAIEUTIC, the Socratic mode of inquiry, bringing out ideas latent in the mind. Then on to PROVENANCE, the location of a beginning such as where a painting was painted or a book written. Finally, he unloads PASQUINADE on us, a publicly posted lampoon or satire or ridicule.

At this point in the book I stopped running to the dictionary at every one of his show-off words. I just skipped them. In this same book he says that among the things he likes best is good English prose. It's too bad he did not learn to write it at Yale, which along with other Ivy League institutions specializes in making snobs out of otherwise normal people.

He did not use the words in some kind of an article discussing seldom-used words. He used them in his normal writing on a variety of subjects, for which I still think he belongs in jail. Lacking that, I still have one recourse: I am going to eschew Buckley, and that is not mere velleity; I'm actually going to do it.

Dear Miss Malone: Mr. Evans is wrong. It's not so. It's *not* the company I keep. Some of my best friends don't know the meaning of the word "provenance." But he failed to note who were the lexiocographical snobs who created the need for the words he listed. They came into being because there was what the economists call a "felt need." (Come on, Evans, you've obviously experienced a velleity at some point in your life, but what would you say if someone asked what it was you were experiencing? See? You *can't* eschew Buckley. It's bad for you.) Cordially,

WFB

☐ Guilielmus suo fratri Guilielmo salutem dat:

Novo libro tuo hodie accepto, nullum tempus perdere volo ut tibi pro eo multas gratias agam. Ecloga praestans optimorum temporis momentorum ex tuorum conloquiorum publicorum videtur, et magna cum delectatione eum mox legere espero.

Vale bene.

Wm
[William F. Rickenbacker]
Francestown, N.H.

Dear Wm, Delighted you intend to read *On the Firing Line: The Public Life of Our Public Figures.* Warning: It is written in English. Or at least, that is what most of the critics say. Critics! *Nos morituri, te salutamus.*

XXWm

—WFB

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THE LAST BATTLE?

RADEK SIKORSKI

"CAUGHT in the ceasefire. No, men, the BBC is talking nonsense. My president will never go into exile. It was he who always advocated fighting inside Angola, ever since the Portuguese. Has he fought for 14 years to go into exile now? No, men. The BBC is just parroting Kaunda, who is a stupid old man. I prefer the VOA. For example, they call dos Santos the president of the MPLA, and that's what he is. Not president of Angola as the BBC calls him."

Joe Lumbongo talked passionately, genuinely outraged that anyone could say such a thing about Savimbi—a personal insult. Joe himself is touchy about being thought a man from the bush rather than a citizen of the beautiful Atlantic port of Lobito, which he only left to fight his war.

When the Portuguese teachers at his school fled after the 1974 coup in Portugal that precipitated Angolan independence, he left for a UNITA base in the bush, with a parental blessing his only property. It was then, in a burst of patriotism, that he had the contour of Angola tattooed on his chest. He never expected that 14 years later he would still be in the bush.

We stopped at a bush camp in Bié Province in central Angola, only a few dozen miles from the Benguela railway. A radio suspended on a strap from a gnarled tree blazed with nonstop news bulletins from Jamba, Luanda, Kinshasa, London, and Washington.

We sat in front of a fire cooking sausages, which sizzled in fat. The sausages—a ton of them—had come from an MPLA convoy my UNITA hosts had intercepted a few days previously.

On June 16, 550 guerrillas and ten regulars armed with small arms and American-supplied weapons (including eight 82-mm. mortars, Stinger anti-aircraft missiles, and anti-tank rockets) struck in broad daylight, ambushing a convoy of 21 trucks escorted by two BTR armored cars moving from Huambo to Bié, the provincial capital. Within an hour, nine trucks were blazing on the asphalt, ten enemy soldiers lay dead by the roadside, and a long train of UNITA soldiers was walking back into the bush carrying on their heads dozens of tins of sausages and tuna fish, a typewriter without a ribbon, and the complete files of the local MPLA Party organization.

Their commander, Colonel Implacável, waved one more trophy victoriously—a Soviet magazine published in Portuguese, with smiling fat Russian women on the cover.

Our only fatality occurred thirty yards from where we photographed the burning trucks, when a man was cut down by a 14.5-mm. bullet that ripped his left leg off. It was the medic. He raved and mumbled as they carried him away on a blanket, but later spoke coherently. Had he been in a Western army he would have survived. But there was no proper doctor with the unit, no surgical instruments, no blood or plasma, and he died on the way to the hospital, which was fully two and a half days' march away.

The BTR that fired the fatal bullet found cover and gave the enemy support for a counter-attack. Bullets whined low over our heads.

Prudently, Implacável ordered a retreat. "We've destroyed only half the trucks, but they will all be lost to the enemy," he told me. "The commander of the convoy is now hiding the remaining trucks in the bush and telling headquarters all were lost. Within a few days you'll be able to buy plenty of sausages on the Bié black market."

During my journey with UNITA, we were to go on to capture Chinguar, another town on the Benguela railway, and Implacável was to give me a guided tour of railway installations. Then we were to blow up a bridge and a tunnel. But before we set off, suddenly, out of the blue, Jamba cancelled our trip and ordered us to turn back forthwith.

Only the following day, when a loud cheer from hundreds of throats resounded through the camp, did we learn what had happened. For the first time in 14 years MPLA and UNITA delegations were talking face to face, and on June 22 Jonas Savimbi and Eduardo dos Santos shook hands. The ceasefire would go into effect on midnight the following day.

THE CEASEFIRE surprised almost everyone because an escalation of hostilities rather than peace initiatives was expected this summer. Before my departure from Jamba, senior UNITA commanders told me they expected a new MPLA-Cuban offensive from Cuito Cuanavale. General Wamba, UNITA's intelligence chief, presented evidence (though inconclusive) that UNITA's adversaries had resorted to using toxic weapons.

A new Communist offensive made sense. South Africa claimed to have stopped supporting UNITA last December, and certainly it would be very difficult for South African troops to intervene directly, as they did to counter the last Cuito Cuanavale offensive, through UN-supervised Namibia. While the South Africans were removed from the field, however, the Cubans are not scheduled to leave southern Angola

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until November, to coincide with elections in Namibia.

It is a tribute to UNITA's fighting strength that the MPLA decided not to take advantage of this window of opportunity. It seems the men in Luanda never believed their own propaganda, according to which UNITA was just a bunch of South African mercenaries who would disintegrate the moment their paymasters backed out.

The MPLA decision to talk to UNITA, which advocated negotiations for years, shows a new realism in Luanda. Were the offensive to fail, the MPLA Politburo no doubt speculated, the clock would begin to tick in UNITA's favor. After the Cuban withdrawal from southern Angola, UNITA might well have captured a provincial capital or two.

President Bush has made public remarks which suggested he might embrace UNITA's cause in the way President Reagan embraced the Afghan *mujahedin*, while with the withdrawal of South African support UNITA's image would improve. Meanwhile, the Angolan economy—crippled in equal measure by the war and doctrinaire Communist mismanagement—would continue to fall apart. And who knows what Gorbachev may have told dos Santos as part of his cleaning up of Brezhnev's foreign policies?

UNITA and the MPLA are still miles apart: UNITA insisting on returning to Luanda as an organization, insisting on free elections, and hoping to rule the country in two or three years; the MPLA offering only a weakened version of its current policy of clemency, whereby UNITA members would be integrated into the MPLA as individuals. However, nobody I have spoken to inside UNITA doubts or wants to doubt that the ceasefire will hold—least of all Joe. □

MAD ABOUT MAPPLETHORPE

ANDREW FERGUSON

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Bureaucrats in the arts, like their brethren elsewhere, are the Greta Garbos of democratic society: all they want is to be left alone. They labor in a tiny vineyard, a hermetic subculture of thousands of artists and dozens of customers; here, a show of finger-painted toilet seats hung on the walls of a county welfare office; there, a nude dance performed in the basement of a Presbyterian church. Their obscurity is their happiness—that, and the $150 million they annually dispense through the National Endowment for the Arts.

Every so often, however, there's a leak in security. Controversy—the bureaucrat's nightmare of nightmares—inevitably ensues. There was the flap this spring, for example, when Senator Alfonse D'Amato discovered that a photographer called Andres Serrano had used $15,000 of NEA money to finance *Piss Christ*, a photograph of a crucifix submerged in urine. And then Congressman Dick Armey of Texas heard about Robert Mapplethorpe.

Mapplethorpe died in March of AIDS, celebrated, as he had been for a dozen years or more, as a major artist. The *Christian Science Monitor* (even!) had early on tagged him "one of the most original of America's younger photographers." Mary Baker Eddy, phone your arts desk: Mapplethorpe's leitmotif was "homoerotic and sadomasochistic imagery"—one of his more celebrated pieces, for example, showed a man urinating into a pal's mouth, while another featured the artist himself, doubled over and pantless, with a bullwhip dangling from his orifice of choice—as well as photos of "children in erotic poses," a form of personal expression more commonly known, when not federally funded, as child pornography. These pictures and more coagulated in a traveling show sponsored in part by the NEA, to the tune of $30,000. The exhibit—which also included, for aesthetic effect, scores of pictures of flowers—was scheduled to arrive at Washington, D.C.'s, Corcoran Gallery in July.

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On June 8, Congressman Armey and 108 co-signers sent a letter to Hugh Southern, the acting chairman of NEA, asking, in effect, what the hell was going on. Noting "this is not the first time we have had concerns about the NEA funding inappropriate materials," the congressmen said they understood that "the interpretation of art is a subjective evaluation, but there is a very clear and unambiguous line that exists between what can be classified as art and what must be called morally reprehensible trash."

Had it not been backed up by the power of the purse, the letter would surely have been laughed off as the thundering of Neanderthal lunatics or the posturing of pols (which in some cases it doubtlessly was). Under the circumstances, however, the Corcoran decided not to show the Mapplethorpe exhibit after all, reasoning that the proximity of Mapplethorpe's subsidized shutterbuggery to irate congressmen might endanger NEA funding.

The Corcoran's decision sparked the predictable outrage from the Washington arts crowd: "appalled . . . right-wing . . . outright cave-in . . . censorship of the most vulgar kind . . . McCarthyism . . . muzzle freedom of expression"—the heavy breathing almost drowned out the clichés. A hardy amalgamation of artists and gays and lesbians and aesthetes gathered outside the gallery, chorusing, "Shame! Shame!" Cocktail parties were held. There was talk of boycotts, although of what, precisely, no one seemed sure. The directors of the hapless Corcoran seemed at first surprised, and finally hurt: all they had tried to do, after all, was keep the money flowing to the very same people who now reviled them for their prudence.

In the wake of Mr. Armey's objections, Sidney Yates (D., Ill.), the art establishment's mouthpiece in Congress, has undertaken to ban indirect funding from the NEA, a practice which he blames for the Serrano and Mapplethorpe contretemps. Conservatives on the Hill have greeted the reforms, along with the Corcoran's self-censorship, as a small victory.

But do they understand how small it really is? There was something almost quaint about Mr. Armey's letter, with its talk of a "very clear and unambiguous line" separating art from rubbish. For it is one of the primary premises of the art world that this line doesn't

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really exist—that it is in fact a kind of cramp in the consciousness of the unenlightened (read: middle-class American) mind. "If art is to remain something other than a blue-chip commodity," hollered one of the speakers at the rally outside the Corcoran, "it will challenge and offend, especially those whose power rests in the status quo."

Given such a premise, questions of taste are by definition beside the point: those who are offended are *supposed* to be offended. The concerns of the people whom Mr. Armey is charged with representing and the values of the art establishment that wants to receive their subsidies are utterly incompatible. Arguments from taste and merit can never be won because they can never be joined.

In the end the only argument that will work is the libertarian one: artists can do whatever they wish in the privacy of their own galleries so long as the rest of us don't have to pay for it. Mr. Armey says that although he is "philosophically opposed" to federal funding of the arts, the position is politically unrealistic: "You can't get there from here," he says. But with a few more Mapplethorpes and Serranos —and there will be more—the case will become easier to make. □

THE PROBLEM AT HUD

SUSAN T. MANDEL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—There's nothing like the whiff of scandal to bring out the bloodhounds here in the capital, and revelations that former Reagan Administration officials like James Watt were paid hundreds of thousands of dollars for a few phone calls to HUD has the good-government crowd off on another crusade. Democrats are busy blaming the former Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, Samuel Pierce; the press is treating it as but another example of Reagan-era sleaze; and Republicans, including current HUD Secretary Jack Kemp, don't seem to know how to play it.

"I don't think this is unique to the Reagan Administration," says David Bley, who was a HUD official under the Carter Administration. Current HUD Undersecretary Alfred A. Delli-Bovi adds: "The problem is not the party which happens to be running the program. The problem is the program." Truth be told, the problem is even more fundamental: the problem at HUD is HUD.

The way it works now, HUD supplies low-income housing by paying individual developers and builders to renovate existing substandard housing projects. The cost of these modernizations typically runs from $60,000 to $80,000 per unit—the price of a brand-new condominium in most parts of the country. Which projects are slated for renovation depends in large part on politicians' or former politicians' calling up HUD and asking that the nod be given to their constituencies, the pay-off coming in the form of campaign contributions from grateful developers. Congressmen do this all the time—it's not illegal—but what irks people here is that calls were also made by former officials of a supposedly free-market Administration. "Getting a high-priced consultant to make a few calls is in fact the norm in those situations where the Federal Government is shelling out money from Washington for projects," says Stuart Butler, director of domestic-policy studies for the Heritage Foundation. No surprise, then, that Congress has not made influence-peddling illegal.

The obvious solution is to attack influence peddling at all levels by instituting a voucher system, which tenants could use to find their own housing rather than having the government award contracts to developers with political contacts. As Representative John Hiler notes, "Vouchers have a minimum of abuse and give a maximum amount of choice to the consumer." The argument against them is that they're not all that useful in areas with tight housing markets. But tight housing markets themselves are largely due to restrictive zoning requirements and rent control, a fact recognized even by Governor Michael Dukakis, who is taking steps in Massachusetts to overturn local zoning restrictions to promote affordable housing. Nor is it any secret that the same people who oppose vouchers generally support rent control.

Under Mr. Pierce a significant portion of HUD funding was actually shifted toward vouchers, despite opposition from Capitol Hill. But it would have been futile to alienate everyone

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in Congress over the issue of "mod rehab," and so it appears that what he did was make a cynical but politically rational decision to leave this program alone. This by no means exonerates him for what happened, particularly if it's true that he himself pushed for projects for his own buddies. But it highlights the problem as a structural one: HUD is *designed* for influence-peddling.

What all this suggests is that a good litmus test for those serious about reforming HUD would be where they stand on vouchers. To that end I took a little survey, and found, perhaps not surprisingly, that many of those crying the loudest (Representative Barney Frank, for example) do not support vouchers.

Here, for example, is how the members of the House Committee on Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs line up on vouchers:

Chairman Henry B. Gonzalez (D., Tex.): opposed.
Walter E. Fauntroy (D., D.C.): waffle.
Bruce F. Vento (D., Minn.): in favor.
Robert Garcia (D., N.Y.): waffle.
Charles E. Schumer (D., N.Y.): waffle.
Barney Frank (D., Mass.): waffle.
Richard H. Lehman (D., Calif.): opposed.
Bruce A. Morrison (D., Conn.): opposed.
Marcy Kaptur (D., Ohio): waffle.
Ben Erdreich (D., Ala.): waffle.
Thomas Carper (D., Del.): waffle.
Esteban E. Torres (D., Calif.): opposed.
Gerald D. Kleczka (D., Wis.): waffle.
Paul E. Kanjorski (D., Pa.): refused to answer.
Stephen L. Neal (D., N.C.): waffle.
Carroll Hubbard Jr. (D., Ky.): waffle.
Joseph P. Kennedy II (D., Mass.): waffle.
Floyd H. Flake (D., N.Y.): opposed.
Kweisi Mfume (D., Md.): opposed.
Nancy Pelosi (D., Calif.): opposed.
John J. LaFalce (D., N.Y.): waffle.
Elizabeth J. Patterson (D., S.C.): waffle.
David E. Price (D., N.C.): waffle.
Jim McDermott (D., Wash.): waffle.
Peter Hoagland (D., Neb.): in favor.
Richard E. Neal (D., Mass.): waffle.
Marge Roukema (R., N.J.): waffle.
Chalmers P. Wylie (R., Ohio): in favor.
Bill McCollum (R., Fla.): in favor.
Doug Bereuter (R., Neb.): waffle.
David Dreier (R., Calif.): in favor.
John Hiler (R., Ind.): in favor.
Thomas J. Ridge (R., Pa.): in favor.
Steve Bartlett (R., Tex.): in favor.
Toby Roth (R., Wis.): in favor.
Jim Saxton (R., N.J.): in favor.
Patricia F. Saiki (R., Hawaii): in favor.
Jim Bunning (R., Ky.): in favor.
Stan Parris (R., Va.): in favor.
Alfred A. McCandless (R., Calif.): waffle.
Richard H. Baker (R., La.): waffle.
Bill Paxon (R., N.Y.): in favor.
Cliff Stearns (R., Fla.): in favor.
Paul E. Gillmor (R., Ohio): in favor.

As for the Senate Subcommittee on Housing and Urban Affairs:

Chairman Alan Cranston (D., Calif.): waffle.
Paul S. Sarbanes (D., Md.): waffle.
Christopher J. Dodd (D., Conn.): waffle.
Jim Sasser (D., Tenn.): waffle.
John F. Kerry (D., Mass.): waffle.
Richard H. Bryan (D., Nev.): waffle.
Alfonse D'Amato (R., N.Y.): waffle.
Connie Mack (R., Fla.): in favor.
Nancy Kassebaum (R., Kan.): in favor.
Larry Pressler (R., S.D.): in favor.
Phil Gramm (R., Tex.): in favor.

That most congressmen are inclined to waffle on the issue is not surprising, given the benefits that retaining influence with HUD gives them. But it's encouraging that of those who declared one way or the other, there are twice as many yeas as nays. If more political pressure were brought to bear on those who waffled—e.g., Do you stand with real-estate developers and lobbyists who want to continue getting fat on the current system, or do you want to eliminate the middleman by putting money directly in the hands of the poor?—it might not be that difficult to push a voucher program through.

But the signs coming out of HUD do not indicate any effort to push through a real reform; indeed a spokesman for Secretary Kemp says that the existing programs "can be managed in a way that is fair and competitive and open even if you disagree with the policy goals that created it." Later this week Secretary Kemp will release his comprehensive response to the HUD scandal. If this is the line that he takes, and if it does not include a big push for a voucher program, the former football star will be making the fumble of a lifetime. □

SCENES FROM THE GAY LIFE

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

New York—The first day of Lesbian and Gay Pride Weekend fell here on Friday, June 23. Early that morning, across the country in Nevada, Sean Flanagan was executed for the murders of James Lewandownski and Albert Duggins. Shortly before his death by lethal injection, Flanagan had admitted that he despised his own homosexuality and that, in strangling one fellow homosexual and dismembering another, "the thought that I would be doing some good for our society crossed my mind." Meanwhile, in New York, I joined tens of thousands of homosexuals—as they talked, danced, rallied, and marched—to take the measure of gay pride as it manifested itself the weekend Sean Flanagan died.

This year's celebration marked the twentieth anniversary of the Stonewall riot, the event generally held to have inaugurated the modern gay-rights movement. The riot began as a routine liquor raid on the Stonewall Inn, a gay bar on Sheridan Square in Greenwich Village. But after a group of the bar's patrons and employees was led into a waiting police van, a mob of five hundred protestors gathered, throwing anything that came to hand—coins, bottles, cobblestones, an uprooted parking meter—and, for the first time in the history of street protest, chanting, "Gay power! Gay power!" And, "I'm a faggot and I'm proud of it." Three people were injured and 13 protestors arrested. The Stonewall itself was set on fire.

The New York news media were united against the demonstrators. The *Daily News* mocked the crowds of "fairies, nances, swishes, fags, lezzes—call 'em what you will." A reporter for the *Village Voice* taunted "blatant queens" and "the forces of faggotry."

Needless to say, in the last two decades reality has changed on both sides of the police barriers. This year, in honor of Lesbian and Gay Pride Weekend, the *Voice* ran a special front-page section celebrating "Gay

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Life '89." The *Times*, *Post*, and *Daily News* all ran respectful notices. *The New Yorker* described Stonewall as "the Bastille Day of gay liberation."

As for the New York City police, far from reprising their role as arch-villains, several hundred spent a full shift assigned to cover Sunday's march down Fifth Avenue. There, and at gay-pride events across town all weekend, they stood patiently watching, in groups of two or three, smirking or giggling only upon the most determined provocation, ready to protect gay marchers from any troublesome homophobes. Unless you counted the few lonely counter-demonstrators across from St. Patrick's Cathedral—middle-aged men waving limp wrists at the passing marchers, women holding condemnatory signs ("Homosexuality is a sin. It condemns to hell," read one)—no such homophobes turned up.

The mood among gays has changed, too. In the years following Stonewall there was something genuinely *gay* about militant homosexuality. During the riot itself, lines of crossdressing homosexual cheerleaders led the assembled crowds to the tune of Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay: "*We are the Stonegirls. / We wear our hair in curls. / We have no underwear. / We show our pubic hair.*" Of Stonewall's riotous patrons, Allen Ginsberg remarked at the time, "You know, the guys there were so beautiful—they've lost that wounded look that fags all had ten years ago."

Today, activist gay culture retains only a muted version of that era's cheerful outrageousness. In most matters it has adopted instead the numbing seriousness of conventional minority-rights advocacy. In fact, many gays have come to think of themselves as a kind of ethnic group of their own. Arnold Kantrowitz, a principal chronicler of the gay-liberation movement, talks about what he calls the "gay nation." Gays have even designed their own colorfully striped flag—which New York City hung from street lamps all along Sunday's parade route.

The phenomenon of gay ethnicity is complicated, though, by the encouragement the movement offers to groups representing every conceivable variation on the gay lifestyle. These include, for example, Girth & Mirth—described to me as an organization for "large gay men, their friends, lovers, and admirers." Also, Gay Male S&M Activists. I missed GMSMA's dinner-dance, but read in an official guide to the weekend that it celebrated "the leather community's contributions to the gay community. ($7, not accessible to handicapped.)"

Such confusions aside, the symbols and rhetoric of pride, both general and specific, suffused the weekend. Asian Lesbians of Long Island assured spectators along Fifth Avenue, "WE'RE ASIAN, GAY, AND PROUD." Marchers representing the People with AIDS Coalition proclaimed themselves "PROUD TO BE ALIVE AND WELL WITH AIDS."

Yet, the more I watched and listened, the more I came to suspect that gay confidence is failing. In one respect at least, self-justification remains harder for gays than for any other minority group. Hostility toward them—unlike hostility toward, say, blacks—proceeds in large part from sincerely held moral beliefs. Susan Sontag has argued that gays are peculiarly attracted to camp because—being the "sensibility of failed seriousness"—camp acts as a solvent of morality. "It neutralizes moral indignation, sponsors playfulness." One thing you noticed again and again over the weekend was the sheer brittleness of the gay camp on display.

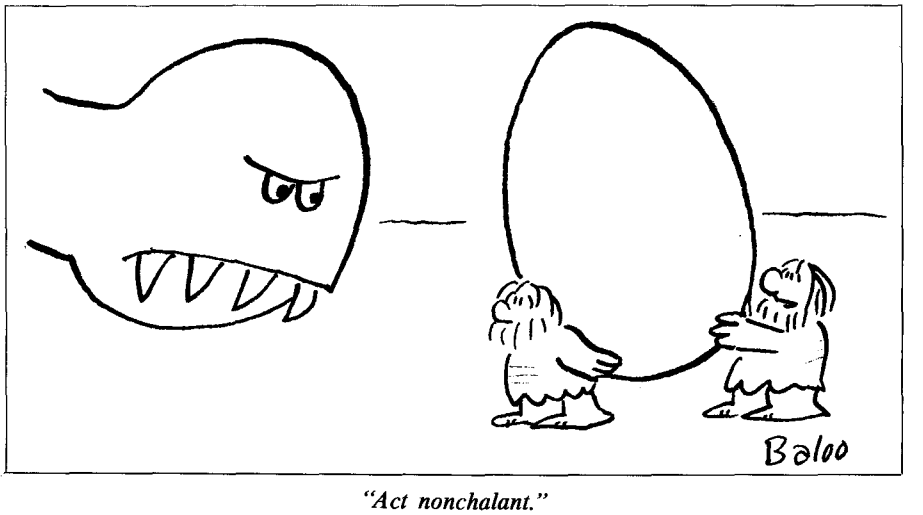
The most common variety was "dragging." Drag queens were everywhere. Yet there was something oddly serious and determined about them—about, for instance, the elderly man at Saturday's rally who stood up in a lavender tutu and drooping crepe wings to read a turgid, three-thousand-year history of homophobia, concluding with a stony-faced curtsy. The next day, I was standing at the corner of Fifth and 38th when the parade came to an unexplained three-minute halt. Two men identified by a banner as "MISS N.Y.C.: ELECTRA 1988, VANESSA 1989," hunched silently atop a red Chrysler convertible in blond wigs and silver lamé cocktail dresses, exchanging uncomfortable looks with some patrons of Lord & Taylor on the sidewalk below.

That an element of shame has crept into gay consciousness was likewise hinted at by the large number of special religious services. At a candlelight street vigil for AIDS, a white-robed Episcopal priest, introduced as "Doctor Dick," led a crowd of three hundred in a collective prayer: "I forgive myself for any mistakes or errors I may have made." "You're unique, you're special, and you're good," he assured the crowd. One man helped him adjust his microphone. "There's one of my angels," said Doctor Dick. He winked. "I'll see him in the bar later."

For Roman Catholic services Saturday night, gay men filled the main auditorium at the Gay and Lesbian Community Services Center to capacity. With their crewcuts, short-shorts, tank-top T-shirts, and downcast looks, the congregants filed solemnly down the middle aisle, took communion, crossed themselves almost apologetically. Under naked, oversized light bulbs hung from a ceiling of gloomy blue pressed tin, the scene looked like nothing so much as church services in a prison.

Nevertheless, in concluding Mass, an attending priest pronounced a "general absolution" and declared the event "a Eucharist of Pride."

So goes the gay life. □



"Act nonchalant."

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THE ARTFUL DODGER

'Do the Right Thing' seriously addresses today's urban problems—or does it?
Spike Lee has blended the thought of Martin Luther King and Malcolm X—or has he?
Not only does Lee avoid giving us answers,
he artfully frames his questions so as to dodge the real issues.

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO SPIKE LEE

MICAH MORRISON

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK—No whites allowed at the Slave Theater, in Bedford-Stuyvesant. I'm admitted only after presenting press credentials and undergoing interrogation by the Fruit of Islam, Louis Farrakhan's private security force. It's a hot July night and Spike Lee's new movie opens tomorrow. Right now Lee—*auteur* and star of *Do the Right Thing*—and his pals, the popular rap group Public Enemy, are getting their First Amendment rights trampled on—at least according to Reverend Al Sharpton and radical lawyer Alton Maddox, who are here to do something about it.

Public Enemy provided the theme song and leitmotif for Lee's movie with the rap tune "Fight the Power." They are currently at the zenith of a high-visibility self-destruct curve, which began when a member of *their* private security force gave an anti-Semitic interview to the *Washington Times*. But this talk of black anti-Semitism is just "a tactic," Sharpton tells the packed theater. "This ain't no promised land!" Sharpton cries out. "This ain't no haven of justice! Spike Lee told the real deed . . . and he won't apologize for telling the truth. Public Enemy put the message to music! Public Enemy had music to inspire!" Sharpton gets a standing ovation. Within 24 hours, he will be indicted on 67 counts of fraud and larceny.

Tawana Brawley's graduation picture is pinned to the podium. In case anyone has forgotten, Miss Brawley was Sharpton and Maddox's ticket to national prominence. The black teenager created a sensation by claiming she was raped by a gang of white racists; exhaustive examinations found precious little evidence to support her charges. Most of the black community consider the Brawley affair a deep embarrassment. Not Spike Lee. "Tawana told the truth!" is emblazoned across a wall in his movie. She sets Spike's radical-chic heart thumping.

Lee's use of themes pioneered by Sharpton & Co. only begins with Tawana Brawley. Both Sharpton and Lee, for instance, employ Martin Luther King as a cover for quite different causes. "Those who came out of the King movement," Sharpton declared at the Bedford-Stuyvesant meeting, are now "hand in hand with those trained by Malcolm X." It is the first and last time King's name is mentioned, though Malcolm X's name and brand of rhetoric will be heard throughout the evening. Alton Maddox sums it up, his face strained with passion, "We should welcome war! I'm *looking* for a long hot summer. We'll bring that day forward! The fire next time! Burn, baby, burn!" The crowd is on its feet, roaring its approval.

Why is Sharpton here supporting Spike Lee? A Sharpton spokesman tells us that Lee treats Sharpton in his movie as "one of the three credible black leaders," along with Farrakhan and Jesse Jackson. "Reverend Sharpton's position is that our young artists have a right of expression. This is a First Amendment issue"—though with Lee's movie opening in dozens of theaters nationwide, it's difficult to see how.

BEDFORD-STUYVESANT is a blasted zone of the urban landscape. Down Bedford Avenue, down past the burned-out tenements, down past the knots of suspicious young men, past the crazed crack-heads and cool-eyed teenage hookers, past the mothers shooing their kids away from the condoms and crack vials in the gutter, past all that and across the East River, the gleaming silver towers of mid-town Manhattan seem to pose an ethereal rebuke to the citizens living along these mean streets.

Lee sets *Do the Right Thing* on a single block in Bedford-Stuyvesant on the hottest day of the summer. Throughout the fictional day, as John Simon relates in greater detail [see p. 45], tensions build between the black community and a white pizza-parlor owner and his sons. At the end of the film a young black man is killed by white cops, and the block riots, destroying the pizza parlor. The idea for the movie, Lee writes in his film journal, published by Simon & Schuster, "arose for me out of the Howard Beach incident." (In 1986 a black-white fracas outside a pizza parlor in Howard Beach, Queens, led to a black man being chased by a gang of white thugs onto a highway, where he was run over and killed.)

The film's ending triggered a small blizzard of media criticism, something Lee was quite prepared for. "No doubt," he writes in his journal, "this film is gonna get more heat than any other film I've done." Indeed, in shaping the movie Lee seems to have closely followed the example of one of his heroes, Martin Scorsese, in *The Last Temptation of Christ*. Both films were low-budget affairs

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($6 to $7 million), both were financed by Universal Pictures, both contained controversial scenes sure to attract attention, and both are suffused with parlor leftism.

Most of the film's critics faulted it for endorsing violence and being, in both a political and an intellectual sense, thoroughly incoherent. Some commentators claimed it would spark a riot, but the only movie violence so far this summer occurred at a screening of *Batman*—a shootout over the last carton of popcorn. The jury at the Cannes Film Festival turned *Right Thing* down for top honors, suggesting the film was simplistic and irresponsible; Lee called them racists; Lee calls a lot of people racists. The left-wing *Village Voice* ran a whole series of articles on the movie. In one, Stanley Crouch blasted the young filmmaker: Lee "either lacks the intelligence, maturity, and sensitivity necessary for drama, or hasn't the courage to give racial confrontation true dramatic complexity. At heart, he is for now a propagandist." *New York* columnist Joe Klein called Lee "a classic art-school dilettante when it comes to politics. His film . . . is more trendoid than tragic." Klein suggested that the movie could seriously damage the prospects of black mayoral candidate David Dinkins, who now would have to respond to the "dangerous stupidity" of Lee's mixed-up messages.

New York's mayoral politics unquestionably figured in Lee's plans. "We've got to get Ed Koch into" the movie, Lee notes in his journal. Koch is "one of the main reasons race relations are so strained in New York City."

Beyond dumping Koch, what were Lee's intentions? Lee writes that *Right Thing* is about the "black underclass in Bed-Stuy, a community that has some of the highest unemployment, infant mortality, and drug-related homicides in New York City. We're talking about people who live in the bowels of the social-economic system, but still live with dignity and humor." He conveyed the dignity and humor, but not much else. "I'm still deciding whether to include some stuff about drugs," he notes in his journal. "Not to acknowledge that drugs exist might be a serious omission in the film. The drug epidemic is worse than the plague."

Apparently it was an omission Lee felt he could paper over. "Lee creates a fantasy Bed-Stuy neighborhood," Crouch complained, accurately. "No villains such as drug dealers ever appear to complicate things, nor any middle-class would-be street Negroes like the filmmaker himself." In real life, Lee turned to Louis Farrakhan and the Fruit of Islam when he needed a Bed-Stuy street cleared of crack dealers and crack dens to shoot his movie. ("Last night I went to see Brother Minister Farrakhan at the Friendship Baptist Church," a journal entry reads. "He gave a rousing speech and made positive remarks about my work.") Today, the crackheads are back on Spike Lee's "set." He, of course, is long gone.

The omission of drugs is far from accidental. Wish them away, and the people become victims of outside forces entirely beyond their control—in a word, racism. As Spike Lee sees it, moreover, racism is embodied not just by brutal white cops but also by well-meaning pizza-parlor owners. In the movie, the people are more threatened by pizza than by drugs.

Lee's artful exploitation of racial tensions in New York is best reflected in his cynical use of King and Malcolm X. Anyone even slightly familiar with black struggle in this country knows that the two men could not have been further apart. In the film, a severe stutterer named Smiley sells copies of the famous photograph of King and Malcolm X together—the only time the two met and, as Lee knows, a chance encounter. As the pizza parlor goes up in flames, Smiley pins the photo to the burning wall: King and Malcolm and inarticulate black rage in the figure of Smiley all coming together to burn down whitey. Not exactly the dream that King had.

Moments later, the film is over and King's quote condemning violence as a "descending spiral ending in destruction" scrolls up the screen, followed by Malcolm X: "I don't even call it violence when it's self-defense. I call it intelligence." Lee defends his use of the two quotes. "It's not an either/or situation," he told the *New York Post*. "I think that one can definitely be a follower of Malcolm and Martin at the same time." But how? As David Garrow noted in *Bearing the Cross*, while King and other movement leaders "always stressed the nonviolent nature of their protests, [Malcolm X] repeatedly suggested that only physical violence could defeat American racism. These provocative statements deeply angered King."

"IN ALL OF the earnest, solemn, humorless discussions about the social and political implications" of the film, Vincent Canby wrote in the *New York Times*, "an essential fact tends to be overlooked: it is one terrific movie." He's right. *Do the Right Thing* wonderfully captures the bounce and flow of life in New York City, the language is bright and funny, and the plot zips along. Lee is a genuine American success story, capitalist version. At 32, he has completed three motion pictures and consolidated a small and energetic production company devoted to expanding not only Spike Lee's power but the power of young black filmmakers and technicians. Emblematic of American drive and creativity, he's done the right thing. Why won't he persuade other people to do the same?

Two themes run through his journals, published as guidebooks for getting ahead in the film world. One theme is Lee's ceaseless energy in producing his films. The other theme is racism. "Universal is d------ me around. They won't budge from the $6.5-million budget, won't go a penny over it. It's ridiculous. White boys get real money, f--- up, lose millions of dollars, and get chance after chance. Not so with us." Poor Spike! Only $6.5-million! Racism is to blame for just about everything and he, a product of Atlanta's elite Morehouse College and New York University's ultra-hip citadel of radical aesthetics, the Graduate Film School, is all too frequently racism's victim.

Perhaps Lee's black-and-white, us-and-them world view explains his refusal to condemn scoundrels when they happen to be black: manipulators like Sharpton and Maddox, demagogues like Farrakhan, and hate-filled sloganeers like Public Enemy—"my favorite politically conscious rappers," Lee calls them. In Spike Lee's world the politically correct artist knows that the enemy of my enemy is my friend—and racist white imperialist America is the enemy.

Spike's patter is not unfamiliar. Make wild statements about racism and violence—that's commitment, man. Find yourself asked to justify them—hey, you're not a politician, you just make movies. That's the line of the Artful Dodger. □

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Good Red Meat

I always have thought it my due
To die of a porterhouse blue.
The lordly refulgence
Of overindulgence
Is my *nunc dimittis*. And you?

MILES DAVID MOORE

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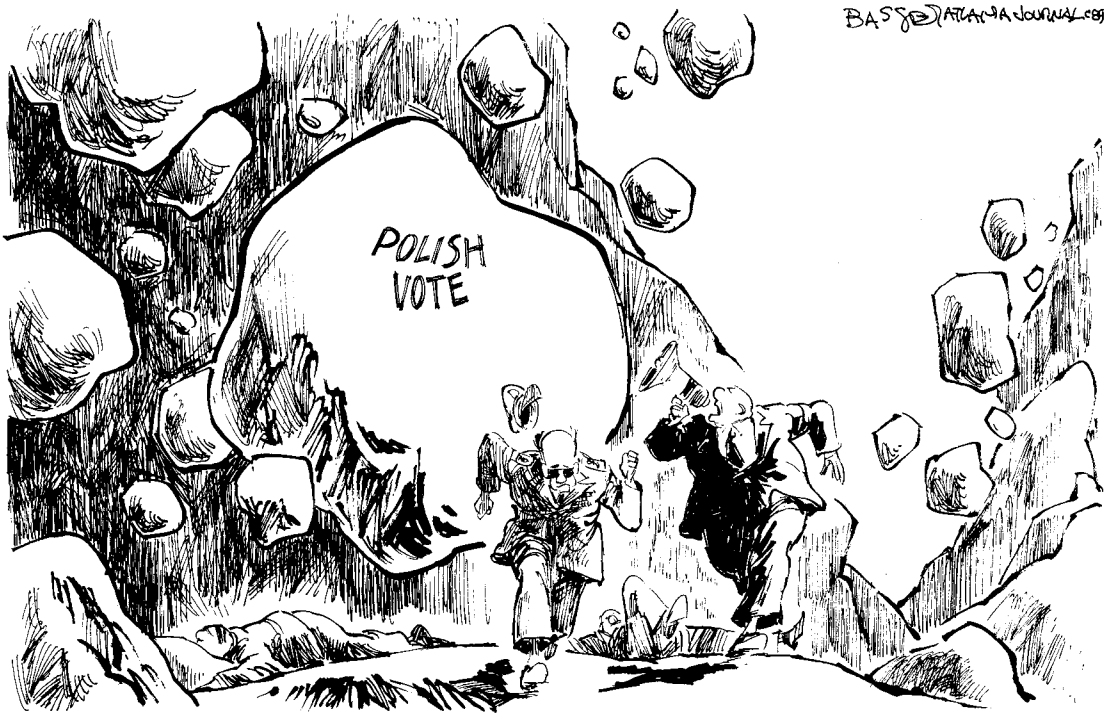

"OKAY, WALESA, THE PARTY ACKNOWLEDGES SOLIDARITY'S SUCCESS."

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China comes full circle—but with a difference.
A hundred flowers have bloomed, and, as he did during Mao's Anti-Rightist Campaign,
Deng Xiaoping has cut them down.
But this time it may not take thirty years for spring to return.

CHINA DEVOURS ITS CHILDREN

MASSACRE IN PEKING

NIEN CHENG

FOR SEVERAL WEEKS in May and June, Tiananmen Square in central Peking held the world's attention. As the drama unfolded on the television screen, the world was shocked to witness an extraordinary display of the cruel reality of Communist dictatorial power. The paramount leader of China, Deng Xiaoping, had said, "We do not mind spilling a little blood." Spilling blood was what did happen. Soldiers with automatic weapons, tanks, and armored vehicles attacked unarmed civilians. Bloody ground, prostrate bodies, wild-eyed young soldiers firing in all directions were seen by viewers all over the world. The conscience of civilized people everywhere was offended, but the hard-line leaders were oblivious to world reaction. Their spokesmen declared calmly on camera that there were no civilian casualties, only soldiers "murdered" by counterrevolutionaries.

Ten years of Mao Zedong's Cultural Revolution (1966 to 1976) exploded the myth of the Communist leadership and debunked its claim that it represented the interests of the working man. When he came to power in 1978, Deng Xiaoping tried to restore the Party's credibility with economic reform. But economic reform without political liberalization had reached a dead end. Rampant official corruption and nepotism became the order of the day. With real inflation at 40 per cent, life for those on fixed incomes became unbearable. While the people struggled to make ends meet they watched with dismay the children of senior leaders amassing huge fortunes in foreign currency. The Chinese people are long-suffering, and they have known nothing other than authoritarian government. But in China's modern history, whenever the government in power became especially detestable, the call for democracy was made by the more enlightened sections of society. Always the university students acted as the vanguard.

Seventy years ago, on May 4, 1919, students poured out of the gate of Peking University and held a demonstration calling for democracy. Their call was taken up by students all over China, and their demonstration triggered the historic May 4 Movement. As a result, China's written language was reformed to enable the spread of literacy, and two years later the Chinese Communist Party came into existence. In a speech made in Yenan in 1939, Mao Zedong declared May 4 Youth Day. After the founding of the People's Republic, it was routinely celebrated in China.

THIS YEAR the students at Peking University were planning to hold a parade to celebrate the seventieth anniversary of the May 4 Movement when they received the news of the death of Hu Yaobang, the former general secretary of the Communist Party. He died of a heart attack on April 15 while making an impassioned speech urging the Party leadership to curb corruption in its ranks.

A sympathetic figure to the students, Hu had spent many years working with young people in the Communist Youth League, eventually rising to the post of general secretary of the League. He was a lifelong follower of Deng Xiaoping, who made him the general secretary of the Communist Party and his designated successor. In December 1986, when the students took to the streets to demonstrate for democracy, Hu refused to act against them. He was attacked by the old-guard hard-liners. Deng sided with the hard-liners and Hu lost his position as general secretary. Although allowed to retain a minor position in the Party leadership, he became in effect a non-entity.

To mourn Hu's passing, students at Peking University decided to bring forward the demonstration they had planned for May 4. They laid a wreath at the Monument of the Revolutionary Heroes in Tiananmen Square and paraded with banners eulogizing Hu. And they demanded that the Party give a fair assessment of Hu's work.

Since early this year, rumors had been trickling out of China that another round of power struggle was imminent and that the hard-liners were pressing Deng to remove Zhao Ziyang, Hu's successor as the Party's general secretary. According to the rumors, this was likely to happen after Gorbachev's visit on May 15. Both Hu and Zhao had been handpicked by Deng to carry out his program of economic reform. Both attracted a large following among China's intellectuals, and both protected dissidents during

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the Anti-Spiritual-Pollution Campaign and the Anti-Bourgeois-Liberalism Campaign.

For those who play the political game in Communist China, statements are often made with gestures. The students' demonstration to mourn Hu Yaobang and to affirm their support for his work could be seen as a timely political gesture to strengthen Zhao's position in the showdown with the hard-liners. It is entirely possible that some of the student organizers were sons and daughters of officials sympathetic to Zhao or having a personal stake in the outcome of this round of power struggle. Deng Xiaoping's position in this struggle was pivotal. Although he had often in the past played a balancing role between the hard-liners and the moderates, he has moved closer to the hard-liners ever since the student demonstration of December 1986 and especially since the exposure of the financial scandal involving his crippled son, Deng Pufang.

On May 4, students from Peking University took to the streets in ever-increasing numbers and unfurled banners calling for democracy, just as students from the same university had done seventy years ago. They were quickly joined by students from other universities. The demonstrators seemed well organized and disciplined. They marched in orderly processions from their universities to Tiananmen Square, a vast expanse of concrete built by the Communist Party when it took over the city more than forty years ago. The centuries-old city wall, antique decorative arches, and historical monuments were all torn down so that a million people could be reviewed by Mao Zedong and other Communist leaders standing in the gallery over Tiananmen (the Gate of Heavenly Peace), for which the Square is named. It was here, on October 1, 1949, that Mao declared to the world, "The Chinese people have stood up!" But he proceeded to knock them down again with his periodic political movements. (It was also here, soon after Communist China embraced the Soviet Union as Big Brother, that an elderly citizen of Peking walked around with an open umbrella on a sunny day, telling passersby that it was raining in Moscow.)

Trying to forestall a police crackdown, the students held banners that said, "The People's Police Love the People!" and carried portraits of Mao Zedong and Zhou Enlai. They also sang the Communist anthem, "The Internationale." They took all these precautions to show that they merely wanted democratic changes within the framework of the Communist regime, not to overthrow the regime. They hoped to prevent the government from branding them as "counterrevolutionaries." Although they did not have an agenda or try to define "democracy," they did state some of their demands in concrete terms: recognition of their own freely elected Students' Association; freedom of the press, so that their demonstration could be given fair coverage; and an honest government to punish corruption by the sons and daughters of senior Party officials.

If the government had assumed a sympathetic attitude toward these mild and legitimate demands, the subsequent bloodbath might have been averted. But the government chose to adopt an attitude of no compromise.

SUPPORT for the students grew. Demonstrations spread to other cities. Workers and professional people in every walk of life, including policemen and soldiers, joined in to turn the pro-democracy demonstration into a citizens' protest against the Communist system. When the students went on a hunger strike, the number of people gathered at Tiananmen Square swelled to nearly a million. The young hunger strikers, enervated by the ninety-degree heat and refusing food and drink, became the focus of national and world attention and touched the hearts of countless millions watching on television.

Both General Secretary Zhao Ziyang and Prime Minister Li Peng visited the hunger strikers and held meetings with them. While Zhao was sympathetic and conciliatory, Li was arrogant and uncompromising. He declared martial law to clear the square. Angered, the students brought out banners demanding his resignation. Perhaps this was their first mistake. It is hardly feasible for any government to sack its prime minister simply because students demand it. The second mistake was to demand the resignation of Deng Xiaoping. Instead of dividing the enemy, they pushed the two men together.

Mao Zedong once said, "In any given situation, we have to identify our major enemy. We must unite with the minor enemies to destroy him. When the major enemy is destroyed, one of the minor enemies would emerge as the next major enemy. We should then unite with the rest of the minor enemies to destroy him." The young people in China today, in their fascination with all things Western, neglected Mao's cunning advice. They grossly underestimated the old-guard hard-liners who had shared Mao's power and were cast in the same mold as the "Great Helmsman."

Whether it was the students' demand for Deng's resignation that pushed him into the camp of the hard-liners we may never know. For many days, all government leaders disappeared from view. There were rumors of a split in the Party and in the army. Some said Deng was seriously ill and others that he was dead. Many contingents of troops were moved into Peking, but the soldiers fraternized with the students and allowed civilians to stop them from entering

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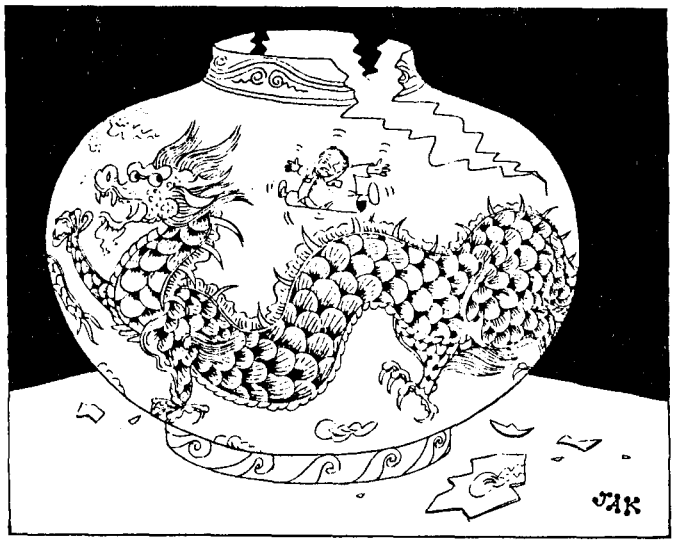
Tiananmen Square. At the same time, support and encouragement poured in from all over the world. China-watchers, journalists with cameramen, and writers of world renown flocked to Tiananmen Square to interview the demonstrators. With the world on their side, the students developed a false sense of security. Even when the situation became really ugly and a ruthless crackdown seemed imminent, many remained.

The power struggle behind closed doors was at last resolved. The hard-liners had won. Zhao Ziyang and his family were confined to their home. Zhao's close collaborators disappeared. One by one, the military commanders, including Defense Minister Qin Jiwei, a supporter of Zhao, lined up behind the hard-liners. Veteran Party leaders who opposed the use of force abandoned their opposition out of personal loyalty to Deng Xiaoping. The 27th Army moved into Tiananmen Square with tanks, armored cars, and automatic weapons. Soldiers fired indiscriminately at unarmed civilians, including old people, children, and Red Cross workers there to help the wounded. Then they turned to fire at buildings, killing many people at windows and on balconies. Some rolled their tanks over the wounded lying on the ground, while others set fire to bodies to destroy evidence of the atrocities.

The world watched with horror and consternation. The crackdown seemed unnecessarily vicious. It gave the impression that the old men of Communist China were completely out of touch with world trends and frightened out of their wits. What happened in Peking on June 4 will not be easily forgotten by the world or the Chinese people. But for the time being, there is little they can do.

Even before the bloodstains had been washed away, arrests were being made. Workers have already been sentenced to death in Shanghai and Peking for "crimes" against the military. Others are being hunted, and some have been turned in by their relatives. Punishment will be severe, ranging from death to years in labor camps in the interior of China, where the climate is harsh and living conditions extremely primitive. The student leaders, if caught, will be pressed to write confessions and to denounce others, including their professors and fellow students. If they should resist or refuse to provide whatever is required, they will be punished with starvation, beating, and torture until they give in.

This was the first time in the history of the Chinese Communist Party that the People's Liberation Army was used to carry out the task of repression. Although Mao Zedong killed millions during his numerous political campaigns, he always used the masses and the police to deal with the victims. During the Cultural Revolution, the killing was done by the Red Guards and the Revolutionaries. What Deng Xiaoping has done now will have far-reaching consequences. In the next five years, most of the old guard —men in their eighties, including Deng himself—will disappear from the scene. After their demise, the government of China could degenerate into a military dictatorship. If no one man is strong enough to emerge as a national leader, acceptable to army commanders in all the regions of China, the country could suffer a new era of civil wars. The pattern of China's history has been one of alternating periods of unity and disintegration. China is now a nuclear power. If control of those weapons should fall into irresponsible hands, world peace will be threatened.



Jak, *London Evening Standard* / Rotheo

Late Deng Dynasty

Deng Xiaoping was the man who had originally initiated China's economic reform and open-door policy. China was earning $2 billion a year from tourism alone. Foreign investors have sunk $12 billion into joint ventures. Deng Xiaoping's effort to free China's economy from rigid planning had caught the imagination of the Western world and earned him a reservoir of good will. Why did he choose a course of action that jeopardized his ten years' effort? The answer lies in the traditionally cynical Communist view of capitalists. Their propaganda has always depicted the Western businessman as amoral, ready to deal with anyone as long as there is profit. Deng believed that when the dust settles, the businessmen will be back. To reassure them, he has allowed several leaders in the forefront of reform and familiar to Western businessmen to escape the purge even though closely linked with Zhao Ziyang. When the businessmen return, they will be warmly welcomed as if nothing had happened.

But the crackdown only drives the people's discontent temporarily underground. At any moment, it could erupt again. Such a prospect must discourage many with plans for new investments.

Since 1979, a large number of young people have been allowed to leave China for advanced education abroad. At the moment, there are nearly forty thousand students and scholars scattered in various American universities. After June 4, Black Sunday, many of these students are afraid to go back. Many others still in China will try any means to leave the country, although the government, for its part, will try very hard to stop them. A serious exodus of talent would undermine whatever effort the government still wants to make to modernize China.

As for the young Americans who have been going to China to study or teach English, the hard-liners have always looked upon them with deep suspicion. [An account by one such, George Jochnowitz, follows.] With opportunity for close contact with university students, they have been a source of inspiration to the Chinese students' yearning for democracy and freedom. The hard-liners will want to cut down the number allowed into China and keep those who enter the country under close surveillance. Since the December 1986 students' demonstration, government agents have been sent into universities; branch offices of

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the security police have been opened on campus. These repressive organizations will be given added power to watch both students and teachers, foreign and Chinese.

For the immediate future, Mainland China will be a much less attractive place for Americans to visit and work in. It will be difficult if not dangerous to make contact with Chinese people. Foreigners will feel isolated as in the Fifties and Sixties. But the cobweb of wishful thinking about the Chinese Communists will have been wiped off. Americans will see the Chinese Communist government for what it really is: a repressive regime with complete disregard for its people and world opinion.

The massacre of the pro-democracy demonstrators in Peking is but a painful episode in the Chinese people's struggle for democratic change that started more than seventy years ago. The transformation of China from feudal autocracy into a modern democratic state is a long and agonizing process. It is not just a matter of changing the political and economic system. Much of China's traditional culture will have to be jettisoned. The urban idealists must involve the 70 per cent of China's population that lives in the countryside. When the wish for change blossoms in every heart, democracy will come to China. The massacre in Peking will bring that day nearer. □

THE WORDS OF MARX, THE METHODS OF LENIN

GEORGE JOCHNOWITZ

My family and I first taught at Hebei University in Baoding, China, during the spring semester of 1984. My younger daughter and I returned five years later, in February of 1989. We wanted to return for a number of reasons: to see old friends again, to improve our Chinese, to see whether China was changing as much as people said it was. Between 1984 and 1989, our whole family had pursued our interest in China. We all read lots of books about China and talked to the Chinese students we knew from Baoding and elsewhere who were studying here. It seemed clear: something big was happening in China, and I wanted to see it for myself. Had I known just how big, I wouldn't have gone.

Shanghai and Peking looked brighter and richer than I remembered them, but Baoding was to be the real test. I love Baoding, but I have to admit it is ugly and very dull. Yet there was no question: even in drab old Baoding things were different. To begin with, there were doorbells. When we visited an old friend and rang her bell, it played the first eight bars of Beethoven's "Für Elise." Apartment interiors used to look like service stations, unpainted concrete with minimal furnishings. Now there were bright colors, carpets, decorative objects, and occasionally musical instruments. Clothing was bright too, and Mao jackets were no longer common. A boy and a girl might walk together; they might even hold hands! Best of all, people were willing and sometimes even eager to talk about politics.

Our own living standards had gone up. We had a television, a refrigerator, rugs, and hot water in the morning as well as in the evening. There was no running water at night and no electricity on Sundays, but we were used to that. We remarked to everyone how much better things were than in 1984. Few people agreed. The "back door" had become the major topic of conversation. It is common wisdom that jobs, college admissions, medical care—just about everything of importance—depends on connections, supplemented by gifts and occasionally outright bribery. "We are very evil people," everyone says. "We love nothing but money. We cultivate friendships so we can get in through the back door. We used to be good, but now we are selfish, just like you." Some people say this in deep shame, others with open delight and pride, most with a mixture of the two sentiments.

"Were you better people when you turned your mothers in to the police for counterrevolutionary thoughts?" I asked maliciously. Everybody loved me for it. They enjoyed hearing me say bad things about their system, though their complaints were not the same as mine. They were tired of being poor, but they felt China was becoming capitalist and therefore selfish and immoral.

Many Chinese believe capitalism is the source of the wealth and power of the West and the secret to achieving a society as rich as America's. But believing capitalism will make everybody rich and happy is not the same as thinking capitalism is good. Goodness under Mao was equated with sacrifice and suffering; therefore, the wish to make China prosperous is selfish and immoral.

One of the new words that had come into use in China since my last stay was *guandao*, meaning "corrrupt officials." Corruption, alas, is found in all sorts of societies. It is especially prevalent, however, in one-party states, where it is sheltered by the lack of political opposition. It is also likely to flourish where there is no independent press to hunt it down. It is easy for us Americans to grow annoyed with partisanship and scandal-hunting, but in China, where the Party and the press are the same as the government, *guandao* are built into the system.

The government, to be sure, complains about *guandao*, asks citizens to report them, and punishes them with great severity. Indeed, it is in the interests of the government for the people to believe that all their problems come from corrupt individuals rather than from a system that by its nature leads to corruption and protects it.

College in China, as in America, lasts for four years, generally from the ages of 18 to 22. There were about forty English majors at Hebei University every year. In addition to teaching linguistics courses, I taught conversation to the freshmen and composition to the seniors. It was hard to mark forty papers a week, but it gave me a chance to learn what my students were thinking. The first theme I asked them to write was on the topic "My Dream." About half the seniors dreamed of being assigned the job of their choice. In China, graduates are assigned jobs by their university, a practice I consider not only inhumane but counterproductive, since people stuck for the

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rest of their lives in positions they hate are not likely to be efficient workers. That suggested the topic for the second composition: "The Policy of Job Assignment." Some students argued that job assignment was a major source of corruption; others maintained the policy was necessary because if students looked for their own jobs, back-door practices would get even worse.

The third essay I asked for, needless to say, was "The Back Door." The compositions tended to be quite pessimistic, with some students saying that the problem reflected a flaw in the Chinese character. I would rather think it is a reflection of flaws in the Chinese Communist system, where there is no front door since there are no rights.

Baoding was richer, more cheerful, and freer than before, but it disapproved of itself. This in itself was evidence of improvement. Disapproval and doubt can frequently be constructive forces, leading to a search for solutions and consequently to new analyses.

When people start to think, they disagree. Everyone may have considered corruption China's greatest problem, but some felt the answer was a return to Maoist purity and others began to talk of legal systems. It was exciting and even intoxicating to be in a country where so many people thought so much and so seriously about their society. But there was one idea very few were ready to entertain —the thought that the evils of a Marxist society could possibly come from the writings of Marx himself.

Liu Binyan, a daring reporter expelled from the Party for his attacks on *guandao*, is a typical example of the bold thinker who is not bold enough. Writing in the January 19, 1989, issue of *The New York Review of Books*, he said, "The socialism imported from the Soviet Union and implemented in China was not true socialism. From Stalin to Mao Zedong, we have had false Marxism."

The problem with Mao Zedong was not that he misunderstood Marxism but that he understood it very well. Marx looked forward to an era without merchants and therefore without specialization, when one would "rear cattle in the evening [and] criticize after dinner." This is entirely consistent with closing the schools and exiling professionals to the countryside; Mao was not misinterpreting Marx.

When Hu Yaobang died, somehow everyone knew there would be an embarrassingly large outpouring of mourners at his memorial service on April 22. It was the occasion everyone had been waiting for.

Big-character posters appeared on campus shortly after April 22, not only to provide first-hand reports of the activities at Tiananmen Square, but to stimulate discussion. Poems and essays were written and posted, and copied down by other students in their notebooks. The tiny minority of those who were willing to question Marx ceased to be tiny, although it remained a minority. The atmosphere grew ever more intoxicating.

On May 13 the hunger strike began in Tiananmen Square. Somehow that was a catalyst: more and more thoughts began to cross the line; Marx was replaced by Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, and Martin Luther King. Never had I expected to see a Chinese student in Tiananmen Square with a headband bearing the English words, "I have a dream." Others crossed different lines, breaking different taboos. Mao buttons suddenly appeared out of nowhere, both in Baoding and in Peking.

When workers joined the demonstrations, a success few had dared to hope for, the students lost their ideological nerve. No one wanted to shatter the unity that had suddenly appeared. Those demonstrating for due process and separation of powers stood side by side with those who admired Mao; together they faced down the army in the wee hours of May 21 and held control of Peking.

"You have won," I told my Chinese friends. "The army has disobeyed."

"The army will never disobey," they replied. "This is China."

"But it already has," I countered. "And there are demonstrators not only in Tiananmen but in Baoding. It's not the same China it used to be."

My Chinese friends were right. The Chinese government is not designed to respond to public opinion. There is no way orderly change can occur in a totalitarian society. There can be nothing but power struggles and coups. The students were not ready to break down the walls of the Zhongnanhai compound, where China's rulers live, and kill or arrest its residents. Deng Xiaoping, on the other hand, was ready to kill or arrest the students, and he did.

Deng, for ten years, had worked to make China prosperous. At the same time, he had put down the Democracy Wall movement, imprisoned dissidents, and suppressed free thought. As a Chinese, he wanted his country to be rich; as a Communist, he insisted that it remain true to its Marxist ideology. When he had to choose between China and the Party, he chose the Party.

What can the pro-Mao members of the democracy movement be thinking now? Maoism is back with a vengeance. Deng's speeches are being read and studied, the country is being saturated with lies, and citizens are being called upon to report their loved ones to the police. Deng is above all a Communist. He once said, "It doesn't matter what color the cat is, as long as it catches mice," but he was lying. He once said, "Seek truth from facts," but he was lying. For Deng, truth means the words of Marx and the methods of Lenin.

On the afternoon of June 4, a few hours after the Tiananmen massacre, a group of students left the campus of Hebei University to hold a march through Baoding. They had done so many many times since the funeral of Hu Yaobang. But this time there was a new slogan, one that would have been impossible a mere 12 hours earlier: *Da dao Gongchan Dang* (Down with the Communist Party). Later a friend came to my apartment with a bottle of wine. "Khomeini is dead," he exclaimed. "Let us drink a toast to the death of aged tyrants."

Deng Xiaoping, Li Peng, and their colleagues are cornered rats. They must kill and lie merely to stay alive. They cannot simply retire; they are too hated for that. On June 4 and 5 (the day my daughter and I left Baoding) people were saying, "Kill them. Hang them." In his June 9 speech, Deng said the demonstrators' "real aim was to overthrow the Communist Party and topple the socialist system." That aim was implicit in their quest for honesty, order, and kindness, but nobody said so before the massacre and perhaps only a minority of the students thought so. It was Deng himself who made them say so. *Da dao Gongchan Dang!* □

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The Supreme Court's abortion decision is much discussed, but little understood. Little has changed as yet; it's not certain that much will change at all. Just what did the Court decide? And what will the 'law of the land' actually be?

ABORTION: LAW & POLITICS

SCOURGE OR PLOT?

GROVER JOSEPH REES

"On July 3, Americans lost a fundamental liberty." This reaction to the Supreme Court's decision in *Webster* v. *Reproductive Health Services*, announced in a *New York Times* advertisement soliciting donations to the National Abortion Rights Action League, was somewhat more measured than that of Justice Harry Blackmun. The author of *Roe* v. *Wade* characterized his colleagues' reconsideration of that decision as "an attempted exercise of brute force" in which "reason, much less persuasion, has no place"; as an opinion in which "bald assertion masquerades as reasoning," in which the Court engaged in a "tortured effort to avoid the plain import" of the statute before it "in the hope of precipitating a constitutional crisis." It would seem that something important has happened.

Something has, but not what the excitement suggests. The Court not only declined to overrule the central holding of *Roe*—that a right to abortion is entailed by an unwritten constitutional right of privacy secured by the Fourteenth Amendment and perhaps also by the Ninth—but technically avoided modifying any part of the counter-regulatory scheme elaborated during the last 16 years by *Roe* and its progeny.

What did happen, for the first time in 16 years, was that the Court refused a request to expand the abortion right. This is not insignificant. For a constitutional right—at least for a right drawing its strength primarily from judicial assessment of fundamental principle or deep social consensus rather than from the explicit text or context of a particular constitutional provision—momentum is everything. When the Court stops extending a constitutional doctrine, it often proceeds to contract or even to discard the doctrine.

The three opinions written by the five Justices who made up the *Webster* majority do indeed suggest (but only suggest) that the Court may eventually overrule *Roe*. One Justice, Antonin Scalia, would have been willing to do so last week. Justices Rehnquist, White, and Kennedy would have modified the abortion right in ways that would possibly, although not certainly, have restored state power to prohibit all or nearly all abortions. The Court neither reversed nor modified *Roe*, however, because the fifth member of the majority, Justice O'Connor, found that the case could be decided without reaching the question whether *Roe* should be overruled. Justice O'Connor did reiterate her earlier view that the Court's abortion jurisprudence is in important respects "problematic," and concluded that "when the constitutional invalidity of a state's abortion statute actually turns on the constitutional validity of *Roe* v. *Wade*, there will be time enough to re-examine *Roe*. And to do so carefully."

There is a solid case to be made for Justice O'Connor's view that the Missouri state law at issue in *Webster* should not have been struck down by the lower courts as inconsistent with *Roe*. The most controversial feature of this law was a requirement that doctors perform tests on unborn children of twenty or more weeks' gestation to determine whether they were "viable." *Roe* had announced that states could prohibit the abortion of viable unborn children (those having a chance of survival outside the mother's womb) except where the mother's life or health was endangered by continuation of the pregnancy. Missouri sought to implement this power by identifying those it was entitled to protect. So Justice O'Connor's opinion can be seen as no more than an effort to fulfill the unkept promise of *Roe*, the promise to allow meaningful state protection of babies about to be born.

As the other eight Justices recognized, however, *Roe* was different from other opinions. Justice O'Connor's approach, although not inconsistent with the letter of *Roe*, is at odds with its spirit. In case after case the Court has told states seeking to find and police the frontiers of the abortion right that they had just as well not bother. Provisions just as innocuous as those at issue in *Webster*—requiring parental notification before performing abortions on minors, or two-day waiting periods, or "informed consent," or any number of other conditions the state would have been justified in imposing on a tonsillectomy or a consumer-credit transaction—were invalidated as unduly

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burdensome on the right of a woman, "in consultation with her doctor," to choose abortion. This was jurisprudence by vignette: the evocation of Norman Rockwell obscured the reality that the doctor was often a professional abortionist who had little or no contact with the woman prior to the procedure. In any event, it was fair to read the rule of *Roe*, as construed and applied by later cases, as prohibiting virtually all state regulation of abortion.

Moreover, as Justice Scalia pointed out, *Roe* itself had gone far beyond deciding the particular questions before it, not only announcing a right that effectively overruled the abortion laws of all fifty states but also erecting a structure of rules and caveats and corollaries designed to cover *all* abortion cases. For the Court to require protracted appellate litigation on each such question rather than simply to admit that it made one big mistake in 1973 would be an ironic application of the idea of judicial restraint. Scalia admitted that reasonable people could disagree about whether *Roe* should be overruled at all, but urged that "we should decide now and not insist that we be run into a corner before we grudgingly yield up our judgment."

THE COURT is likely to be run into a corner soon, or into several corners. It has agreed to hear three abortion cases later this year; while none requires a reconsideration of *Roe* any more clearly than *Webster* did, all three together might convince the Court of the wisdom of formulating a clear rule for the guidance of lower courts in the post-*Webster* era. Moreover, it seems possible that one or more states may enact new laws that do clearly present the core questions addressed by *Roe*, or simply interpret *Webster* as an invitation to begin enforcing strict anti-abortion statutes enacted prior to 1973 and never repealed.

Should this happen, and assuming that at least five Justices believe *Roe* to have been wrongly decided, the Court will be compelled to address the question it narrowly avoided in *Webster*: under what circumstances it should overrule one of its own constitutional cases.

The short answer to this question, as a matter of history and of theory, is that judicial constructions of the Constitution are far less entitled to the protection of the rule of *stare decisis* than other judicial decisions. The distinction is most often justified on the ground that an incorrect or obsolete judicial decision in a non-constitutional area can be corrected by legislation. If the legislature has not chosen to overrule the decision by passing a contrary statute, then courts may be justified in assuming the decision has "stood the test of time." An interpretation of the Constitution, however, can only be overruled in one of two ways: by the arduous process of constitutional amendment (usually impossible if even a small minority opposes the change) and by judicial willingness to reconsider judge-made law.

This answer overlooks a more fundamental distinction between constitutional law and other kinds of law. As described in *Marbury* v. *Madison*, the power of judges to declare statutes unconstitutional is not so much a power as a duty. It flows from the proposition that the written and enacted Constitution has meaning, and that the meaning binds judges even when some other important consideration—such as the respect due to a co-ordinate branch of government—is at stake. A judge confronted with a statute that says one thing and a constitutional provision that in his best judgment says the opposite is bound by his oath to uphold the Constitution. Much the same dilemma faces a Supreme Court Justice forced to choose between a prior decision of the Court and what he takes to be the meaning of the Constitution itself.

To resolve this dilemma by characterizing the decision as "the law of the land" is circular reasoning that would result in no constitutional decision ever being overturned. This is not to say that there is no place at all for *stare decisis* in constitutional law. Humility requires deference to the considered judgment of one's predecessors unless error seems quite clear; and even some clear errors have been so widely accepted over time that it is not unreasonable to regard the Constitution as having been amended *sub silentio* not by the Court but by a consensus of the people.

On abortion there is no such consensus. Although Justice Blackmun's dissent points out that millions of people have come to regard abortion as a constitutional right during the last 16 years, other millions have never ceased to regard it as something very different.

If the Court should reconsider *Roe* and conclude that the Constitution contains a right to abortion that was put there by somebody other than judges, then it is bound to protect that right no matter how many people disagree. But if *Roe* was simply an attempt by the Court to substitute its members' own vision of a humane and practical solution to a difficult problem for the less humane and less practical solutions chosen by legislatures, then *Webster* must be regarded as a tentative reaffirmation not just of democracy but of the rule of law. □

THE WAR WITHIN THE STATES

JACK FOWLER

WHATEVER THE DISPUTES about the Supreme Court's *Webster* decision, virtually everyone understands it as an invitation to state regulation of abortion. We can look forward to intense and prolonged battles in state capitals nationwide, as the debate that was choked off by the Court's 1973 decision in *Roe* v. *Wade* is finally re-opened.

Each side has some "safe" areas. California, Washington, Oregon, Alaska, and Hawaii liberalized their abortion laws before *Roe*, and have solidly pro-abortion courts and legislatures; much of the Northeast is also a secure haven for abortion-on-demand. Louisiana, Illinois, South Dakota, Utah, and Idaho have adopted laws or resolutions to outlaw abortion upon *Roe*'s reversal, while 11 more states have passed legislation granting as much protection to "fetal life" as the Court will allow, and an additional ten still have their pre-*Roe* abortion laws on the books.

Of course, even an explicit reversal of *Roe* wouldn't necessarily reactivate such laws. In fact, pre-emptive court

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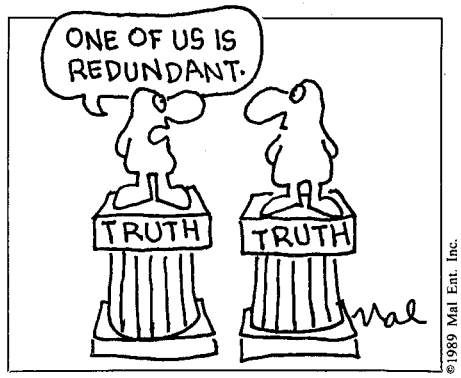
fights have already been launched by *Roe*'s supporters in case of reversal. For example, an anti-*Roe* statute passed in 1975 by the Illinois legislature (pro-life then as it is today) has recently been ruled legally impotent by one state judge, who said additional "enabling legislation" would be required in order to outlaw abortion should *Roe* be reversed.



Nonetheless, Ralph Rivera, chairman of the Illinois Pro-Life Coalition, believes that "we have a good shot at making abortion illegal, but . . . it will take a lot of work." Republican Governor James Thompson is one reason; he would probably veto any legislation outlawing abortion unless it were "loaded with exceptions," although he has now said he's reconsidering his position in the light of *Webster*. So too is his probable opponent in the next general election: Attorney General Neil Hartigan has dropped his pro-life stance since the *Webster* decision.

Illinois shows how difficult outlawing abortion may be even in supposedly "good" states. With pro-abortion governors ready to veto pro-life bills, many state courts inclined to strike down those that do become law, and upcoming elections complicating politicians' calculations, it's not enough to have an anti-abortion majority in the legislature. But anti-abortionists have one strategic asset: perseverance.

In Arkansas, attempts to ban state abortion funding by ballot referenda failed in 1984 and 1986; the pro-lifers finally won with 52 per cent of the vote in 1988. Similarly, Michigan's pro-lifers, who routed a referendum to liberalize abortion laws back in 1972, have for years seen pro-abortion governors routinely veto legislation banning public funding of abortion. In 1987, they launched a petition drive to force a "citizen initiative," mandating a legislative vote and barring a veto; the anti-funding initiative passed overwhelmingly, stood up to court challenges, and easily survived (57 to 43 per cent) a 1988 pro-abortion referendum.

To Barb Listing, President of Right to Life of Michigan, the initiative win is a good omen. Despite published reports that place Michigan in the solidly "pro-choice" camp, "it shows there's a strong pro-life base," she says. If necessary, "we would go the referendum route again."

Michigan's battles could be tame compared to those in Iowa, where the Senate is pro-life, the House is pro-abortion, pro-life GOP Governor Terry Branstad expects to face a pro-abortion opponent next year, and national pro-abortion groups, sensitive to the state's "first caucus" status, vow that they can and must hold the line.

But they will have to contend with Iowans for Life, the scrappy outfit that spearheaded the defeats of U.S. Senators Dick Clark (1978) and John Culver (1980). Carolyn Thompson, the group's redoubtable leader, admits that the elements for a pro-life victory are currently lacking, but says "Iowans are basically pro-life, and we have the ability to win political victories. We're used to major battles—and the other side is going to get one." Moreover, a chance for meaningful victories "will bring back into the movement people who've taken a sabbatical."

While the anti-abortion movement will seek to restrict the practice everywhere it can, not ignoring less populous states such as Wyoming and the Dakotas, the biggest and most important battles will come in the larger states, where tens of thousands of abortions are performed each year. Illinois and Michigan both fall into that category; so of course does California, which leads the pack with over 200,000 abortions annually. However, pro-life forces don't expect much success there, as the state Supreme Court continues to strike down abortion-funding bans even after the removal of liberal activist Rose Bird.

A more likely target—although not with much hope for the near term—is second-place New York. Jean Head, a long-term state anti-abortion leader, believes "significant change is possible," reminding us that, while New York was one of the first states to legalize abortion in 1970, the legislature voted to repeal that law two years later (although Governor Nelson Rockefeller vetoed the pro-life bill). Currently, the state Assembly is pro-abortion, the Senate "generally" anti-abortion. And the governor is Mario Cuomo, who used to claim that he was "personally opposed" to abortion but was bound to uphold the law of the land. The day after the *Webster* decision, he announced that he must now uphold the law of the state, as the state constitution forces him to support public funding of abortion in order to protect the poor. Until Cuomo changes his position, or leaves office, New York will probably remain pro-abortion.

The same day Cuomo spoke out, Governor Bob Martinez called a special session of the Florida legislature to pass restrictions in line with those allowed by *Webster*; some such restrictions will almost certainly pass because, as state right-to-life leader Jean Doyle points out, "we've been putting the right people in office since 1973." She cites as proof "our parental consent statute that flew through both houses last year." However, the state courts have ruled that the statute cannot be enforced until the U.S. Supreme Court rules on similar laws in Ohio and Minnesota in the fall.

In Texas, there are over eighty thousand abortions annually, but the statutes struck down by *Roe* v. *Wade* are still on the books; the legislature has never repealed them, and, according to Richard Schmude, general counsel for the Houston-based Right to Life Advocates, Inc., is receptive to whatever restrictions the Court will allow.

Of course such scenarios express as much optimism and hope as hard judgment; the *Webster* decision, or even a complete reversal of *Roe* down the line, can only create an opportunity for state regulation. State courts and most of the media tend to back abortion, and neither is directly responsible to the political process—though each can be gradually persuaded. And abortion advocates tend to ignore their foes' strength of commitment, as shown in a recent *Los Angeles Times* poll: 46 per cent of pro-life voters versus only 30 per cent of "pro-choicers" said they would switch their vote based on that single issue. Each side is ready for a long fight. And a complex one. □

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CONGRESS v. THE PRESIDENCY

In the early Fifties, conservatives were combatting the proto-Imperial Presidency; now the enemy of choice has become the Imperial Congress. But the way to resist a left-leaning, irresponsible legislature, the author contends, is not to put more power in the hands of the Secretary of State.

IMPERIAL CONSERVATIVES?

SAMUEL FRANCIS

AMERICAN CONSERVATIVES have come a long way since 1952, when Ohio's Senator John Bricker introduced a constitutional amendment to restrict the President's treaty-making power. Perhaps they've come too far. Today nothing brings foam to the conservative mandible more reliably than a favorable allusion to the Boland Amendments or the War Powers Act, and cries against "congressional micromanagement" and "535 Secretaries of State" became watchwords among Washington conservatives during the Reagan Presidency.

John Bricker certainly would never have endorsed either Boland or War Powers—both are stupid measures, the one as harmful as the other is frivolous—but he surely would have agreed with their basic assumption of legislative supremacy. The idea that the legislative branch has a vital role to play in the conduct of U.S. foreign policy and the disposition of American troops was fundamental to the principles espoused by Bricker, Robert Taft, Barry Goldwater, and other spokesmen of the Right. Taft, in the words of Russell Kirk and James McClellan, asserted "the right and the necessity, in the American democratic republic, for Congress to participate with the executive in the conduct of foreign affairs," and "Mr. Republican" himself wrote in *A Foreign Policy for Americans*:

> If in the great field of foreign policy the President has the arbitrary and unlimited powers he now claims, then there is an end to freedom in the United States not only in the foreign field but in the great realm of domestic activity which necessarily follows any foreign commitments.

In a recent issue of *Policy Review*, Representative Mickey Edwards undertook to articulate and defend the Taft-Bricker view that the U.S. Congress has a strong role in foreign policy. He did so with learning and eloquence, urging that the intent of the Framers and the conservative principles that "the separation of powers and the balance of powers were the greatest protectors of our freedoms" support his conclusion that "foreign policy is an arena in which the powers and responsibilities of the Congress and the executive share a poorly defined playing field, each with important roles to play." But Mr. Edwards's effort, valiant as it was, has generally been greeted ferociously by his conservative critics and colleagues.

Nevertheless, conservatives ought to pause and re-trace the steps that have brought them close to being what Mr. Edwards calls "New Age monarchists." Constitutional arguments aside, there are plenty of sound pragmatic reasons for conservatives to defend a strong congressional role in foreign policy. Even under Mr. Reagan, conservatives in the Senate and House were vital in resisting efforts to circumvent the Taiwan Relations Act and adhere to the unratified SALT II treaty, among other silly State Department ideas. And senatorial efforts have not stopped there. Conservative Republicans like New Hampshire's Gordon Humphrey have been instrumental in pushing the Administration into greater support for the Afghan resistance. Moderate Democrats like Arizona's Dennis DeConcini have played similar roles with policies toward Angola's UNITA. Steve Symms, Orrin Hatch, the late John East, and Jeremiah Denton have all at one time or another (and Jesse Helms in some fields almost continuously) opposed executive-branch policies on arms control, trade with the Soviet bloc, and involvements with Latin America, southern Africa, and the Far East. If such congressional activities aren't "micromanagement," the term has little meaning.

YET MOST conservatives, even while denouncing micromanagement, have applauded all these instances of it. Their view of who should run U.S. foreign policy seems to be approaching incoherence, and as Mr. Edwards warns, "conservatives need to remember that the powers we would give to a Ronald Reagan or a George Bush will someday be used by a Walter Mondale or a Michael Dukakis." Indeed, as recent history shows, these powers are already being used by a foreign-policy bureaucracy uncontrolled by elections and often independent of Congress and President alike.

It's easy for conservatives today to defend virtually exclusive presidential powers in foreign affairs by citing not only left-wing congressional partisanism in foreign policy but also clear instances of legislative irresponsibility: security leaks, junketeering that compromises official U.S. policy, and general dithering, appeasement, and catering to special interests. But the conservative shift in perspective on Con-

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gress and the Presidency transcends current policy disputes and partisan bickering. It implies, logically and eventually in practice, a decisive erosion of some of the fundamental premises of conservative thought on which a good many conservative positions depend.

No conservative theorist has articulated these premises and their connection with congressional authority more clearly than the late James Burnham in his 1959 *Congress and the American Tradition*. Long before Arthur Schlesinger discovered the "Imperial Presidency" (after serving it and salivating over it for most of his life), Burnham, as William F. Buckley Jr. wrote in 1973, carefully charted

The original idea of postwar American conservatism in general and of the 'Reagan Revolution' in particular was not simply to take over the mega-state but to begin dismantling it.

"the usurpations of power by the executive over a generation, done needless to say to the elated applause of liberal intellectuals."

Congress and the American Tradition is a work that must be read on two levels. On one level, it is an exposition of the historical and theoretical role of Congress and an account of the eventual capture of that role by the executive branch. On another level, however, the book is a study of why the survival of congressional authority is essential for the survival of political freedom.

Burnham saw the rise of the Presidency as an integral part of the world-historical transformation that in 1940 he labeled "the managerial revolution": the displacement, by massive, bureaucratically controlled organizations, of small-scale private capitalism, constitutionalist, parliamentary government, and the independent and sovereign nation-state. A new elite, the managerial class, was emerging into economic, political, and cultural dominance. The supposed need for centralized social and economic management, lodged in the federal bureaucracy and circumventing local and congressional resistance through direct appeals to the mass electorate, was the main rationale that the new class and its intellectual apologists articulated. "These tendencies," Burnham wrote in *Congress and the American Tradition*, "—democratist, plebiscitary, bureaucratic, centralist, Caesarean—are the political phase of the general historical transformation of our era that in 1940 I named 'the managerial revolution.' "

The threat represented by this "political phase" was the curtailment of the social basis of political freedom in intermediary institutions, through which the deliberate and refracted will of the national community is expressed. "Within the United States today," wrote Burnham, "Congress is in existing fact the prime intermediary institution, the chief political organ of the people as distinguished from the masses, the one body to which the citizenry can now appeal for redress not merely from individual despotic acts . . . but from large-scale despotic innovations, trends, and principles."

Although Burnham himself was a strong advocate of a vigorous international role for the United States, he saw the erosion of the treaty-making and war powers of Congress and their effective transfer to the Presidency (in reality, to the executive-branch bureaucracy that is part of or sibling to the managerial class) as a threat to both freedom and national sovereignty. Presidents, untrammeled by congressional restraints, could make executive agreements and treaties that substantially changed U.S. and state laws. They could commit American troops to foreign conflicts without adequate national consensus or even *pro forma* congressional consent, and (as Truman tried to do in seizing the steel mills) they could threaten individual liberties by invoking "national emergency." The tendency of the managerial revolution to consolidate independent national states into integrated, supra-national blocs and thereby to supersede national sovereignty was manifest in the United Nations treaty, regional or global security pacts, and collective treaties that overrode the legal and institutional arrangements of particular nations and cultures.

It is precisely because of such tendencies, executed in the name of "world peace," "the global economy," and "transnational issues" and generally emanating from the executive branch, that congressional conservatives today resist monopolization of foreign policy by the executive as they resisted it in the days of Bricker and Taft. Despite the institutional corruption of Congress by its own absorption into the "administrative state" (another label for the "managerial state," applied by the Heritage Foundation's recent volume on *The Imperial Congress*), at least some states and congressional districts and their representatives retain sufficient autonomy to offer an effective brake on pernicious executive-branch policies. Conservatives may well support Presidents like Ronald Reagan who seek to restore strength abroad in opposition to partisan and ideological distraction within Congress; but to leap from such practical measures to a philosophic defense of a presidential monopoly in foreign policy could lead alarmingly close to compromising traditional conservative commitments to limited government and national independence.

The original idea of postwar American conservatism in general and of the "Reagan Revolution" in particular was not simply to take over the American mega-state but to begin dismantling it; not for conservatives to lodge themselves in the institutional woodwork of the federal bureaucracy but to start reducing its size, its costs, its personnel, and its powers. That goal involved deregulation of the economy and restoration of authority and independence to states and localities, but also a diminution of the powers of the Presidency and an augmentation of the powers of Congress as the representative of state and local communities, the expression of the deliberate sense of the American people. Not only has that goal not been achieved, but there has appeared a body of ideas supporting a shift in the goal itself, the beginnings of a theoretical justification on ostensibly conservative grounds of the mega-state and of the centralized power of the Presidency as its core. In recapitulating the liberal defense of the "Imperial Presidency," conservatives may soon find themselves metamorphosing into something they never wanted to be. □

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THE IMPOSTOR

Harold Fickett

William Faulkner: American Writer, by Frederick R. Karl (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1,131 pp., $37.50)

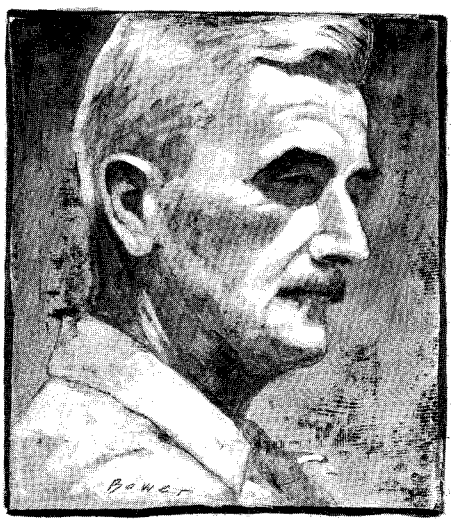
AT FIRST William Faulkner declined the invitation to attend his own Nobel Prize ceremonies. He ignored the original letter informing him that he had been elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the highest honor this nation bestows on its writers. He often fended off people at literary gatherings by being rude. Or he would withdraw into silence—before retreating even further into the annihilation of an alcoholic binge. If there was one thing William Faulkner could not endure, it was playing the writer.

He played many other roles, willingly, and to the hilt. As Frederick R. Karl makes clear in *William Faulkner: American Writer*, much of the novelist's life was given over to imposture. Upon receiving the Nobel invitation, Faulkner begged off on the grounds that he was a farmer and could not get away. Besides playing Pa Kettle, he also assumed the characters of horseman, pilot, family patriarch, international diplomat, and Southern gentleman.

His career as an impostor began when he returned home after a brief stint as an RAF pilot trainee during World War I. His tall tales of his heroic exploits gained him new respect in his home town of Oxford, Mississippi, where he had been known as a ne'er-do-well. In the same way, Faulkner adopted other roles for self-aggrandizement; his sense of his own accomplishments was usually nine parts imagination to one part reality.

Biographers have tended to see the various aspects of Faulkner's life as a jumble and have thrown the other roles he played away in order to concentrate on Faulkner the writer. (The standard biography, by Joseph Blotner, presents the information but does not try to form a coherent view.) Karl looks at all of Faulkner's activities, including writing, as a process of self-creation.

Karl locates Faulkner in a matrix of inherently contradictory historical and personal circumstances. Faulkner was caught between times, with his way back to the Eden of Southern tradition blocked by the sword of racism, and his way forward to the heaven of Northern modernity blocked by that culture's materialistic and collectivizing tendencies. Personally, he was caught between his position as the oldest son of a once-great Southern family and his own taste for the bohemian life of a French symbolist poet. In terms of his work, the American realist tradition represented by Dreiser and one of Faulkner's mentors, Sherwood Anderson, was still strong, but the work of Proust, Joyce, and Mann had moved fiction onto another plane in Europe.



How to unite all of this? Once again, after Keats and Yeats and Wallace Stevens, we have the artistic enterprise represented as a matter of unifying contraries. The artist forges in his work a new synthesis of the fragmentary and contradictory data of his emerging world. He lives in an age at odds with itself, but he manages to make art out of these contradictions by showing how the terms depend on one another.

So many of Faulkner's plots, as has frequently been remarked, are generated by some "deep, dark secret." Karl points out that Faulkner tells his stories by continually frustrating their telling. We wait for the mystery to be revealed, accumulating more and more evidence as we go, the truth of the matter always just out of reach. We keep reading in the naïve assumption that the author will finally divulge his secret—as, in fact, he sometimes does.

In Faulkner's most celebrated works, however, the narratives work toward dissuading us that the truth can be revealed. By presenting the same incidents from multiple points of view in *The Sound and the Fury*, by telling and re-telling the same story in *As I Lay Dying*, by placing events in the consciousness of someone of a later generation in *Absalom, Absalom!*, Faulkner releases perception from fact and storytelling from history—he "decenters" his fiction. The "deep, dark secret" becomes and must remain virtually unknown.

Faulkner's narrative techniques, in

Mr. Fickett's most recent book is Flannery O'Connor: Images of Grace *(Eerdman's).*

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ GAY POWER: You know a book is worth watching when, half a year before it even comes out, it has attracted as much hostility as Michael Fumento's *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS* (New Republic Books). Arguing that there is little danger that AIDS will erupt, plaguelike, into the general heterosexual population, Fumento is a voice of reason in the wilderness of AIDS hysteria.

That was why Joe Queenan, a senior editor of *Forbes* magazine, decided to write a piece for *Forbes* on Fumento and his forthcoming book. Though Queenan did endorse the book, his focus was on the trouble Fumento has had, owing to his irregular opinions, holding a job in the Reagan Administration and finding employment in otherwise politically sympathetic think tanks. "It doesn't pay to be the bearer of good news," he wrote. "However, Fumento did not get in trouble for offending the gay lobby."

A week later it was Queenan himself who had gotten into trouble—big trouble—for offending the gay lobby. Before the article came out, a gay copy editor at *Forbes* snuck off with a set of galleys, which he deposited in the hands of the militant gay AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power (ACT UP). Shortly afterward, ACT UP turned up at the *Forbes* building in New York for a demonstration. That morning, Queenan began receiving telephone death threats.

The same thing had happened to other magazines—notably *Cosmopolitan*, which, after publishing a report in 1988 that women had little to fear from AIDS, was vigorously picketed by lesbians. But *Cosmo*'s editor, Helen Gurley Brown, stuck by her author, and the controversy subsided.

Not so Malcolm Forbes. After ACT UP staged a sit-in in the managing editor's office, Forbes invited a group of protestors up to visit him and sat, as if held hostage, for two hours while the group composed a reply. In the end, he printed the contents of a leaflet ACT UP had handed out at the demonstration—under the heading, "I AGREE," along with a personal denunciation of Fumento's "asinine views."

Why did Forbes do it? Charitable observers note that he is a great supporter of AIDS research. Recently he donated a million dollars to the American Foundation for AIDS Research, whose honorary chairman is his close personal friend, the violet-eyed AIDS expert Elizabeth Taylor.

Good news for Fumento, though. Thanks to the controversy, his book, originally scheduled to appear in January, has been pushed forward to November.

☐ DANGER AHEAD: A year and a half ago, a book manuscript critical of the ruling ideologies on American campuses—feminism, Marxism, deconstructionism—was brought before the editorial board of a major New York publishing house. An enthusiastic young editor urged his colleagues to purchase the book and publish it. The editor-in-chief felt otherwise. The book in question, he said, was "dangerous."

Nevertheless, today we are in the middle of a small rush of such books. In *The Pleasures of Reading in an Ideological Age* (Simon & Schuster, reviewed in *NR* July 14), Robert Alter worries that deconstructively oriented literature departments across the country are draining all the pleasure out of literature for the present generation of students. *Against Deconstruction* (Princeton), by John Ellis, presents a theoretical critique, arguing that the methods of deconstruction are in large part culled from the worst aspects of traditional criticism.

Due out in February is *Tenured Radicals: How Politics Has Corrupted Higher Education* (Harper & Row), by Roger Kimball—a work of cultural reportage covering the politicization of the humanities as seen in controversies at Yale and Stanford, conferences of the Modern Language Association, and the death of recovered Nazi and deconstructionist founding father Paul de Man. Further down the road, *Deconstruction and the Fall of Paul de Man* (due out in the fall of 1990 from Poseidon), by David Lehman, will present what Lehman sees as the battle in contemporary criticism between the pluralism of traditional approaches and the dogmatism of the deconstructionists. —DAVID KLINGHOFFER

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sum, brought the American realist tradition under a kind of Bergsonian viewfinder. There, the tradition's values became objectified, part of the data now, no longer its reason. Everything is—God help us—relative.

We can lament this for its ethical implications, or we can see it as the only view possible in our time, or we can throw up our hands and say, "Well there it is again, that old Kantian phenomenal/noumenal rag."

Faulkner's capturing of the modern mind through his fictional innovations obviously pleases Karl. He sees the fiction as Faulkner's means of holding in solution the radically conflicting matrix of history and personal circumstances in which he found himself. The times are bad, but behold, Faulkner's art has overcome them. Further, the art has something to offer *us* in teaching us how to live in these times. The Book of Faulkner must be added to the secular Scriptures.

Behind Karl's portrait of Faulkner lies the sketch of any artist as drawn by the Romantics. The poet is an especially sensitive soul who prepares for a new age by uniting in his consciousness the new and challenging and rather exciting (if alienating) aspects of the world in which he lives.

The question arises why, as people, so many of our literary priests have been such grave sinners. Yeats said that the poet must choose perfection of the life or of the work. Following this notion, we constantly encounter the idea that in the light of the triumphant synthesis we as readers find in an artist's work, we ought to forgive him his personal excesses—his task, after all, is too much for mere flesh to bear. In work there is salvation—in life, drinking.

On this account Karl is far more judicious than most. And yet this special pleading does at times insinuate itself into his biography. Faulkner's drinking, his affairs, his emotional withdrawal from his daughter: all this allowed the work to go on, Karl believes, so he tends to excuse it. One notes that Karl becomes very much less forgiving of Faulkner's escapades when, toward the end of his life, the novelist virtually quits writing. Then Faulkner becomes just another drunk.

We return to the curious matter of Faulkner avoiding playing the writer in public. Why was there a peculiar terror in playing the role Faulkner truly practiced? We may say that because of his upbringing, as a sensitive and cultivated soul in a harsh, still largely frontier society, etc., Faulkner found it difficult to "accept himself"—that he was insecure.

Perhaps, though, through his work, Faulkner discovered a more radical and truly modern notion: that there is no self to accept. That like his fictions we are de-centered creatures, a loose collection of voices and memory clusters. Since life consists of playing roles, doing so self-consciously is easy. To identify oneself in all seriousness with a particular role, however, confronts us with our own fraudulence.

Faulkner's life as an impostor—the lies he told, for example, about his career in the RAF—might have begun with a transcending purpose; but his

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work taught the writer that personality, to quote Yeats again, is but "a spume that plays / Upon a ghostly paradigm of things." Faulkner exalted himself only to hover over an abyss, just before losing his sense of the vertical entirely.

In a sense these are the inevitable conclusions of modernism, as the deconstructionists show so clearly. Unfortunately, this deconstructive conclusion runs against the whole purpose of writing a biography. A biographer needs a subject, some *one*, to write about. And while, as a critic, Karl finds Faulkner's modernist stance heady stuff, in his role as a biographer, he works toward depicting Faulkner as a kind of godlike creature. In Karl's own words, a "centaur." He wants to grasp the unity of the life, to know the deep, dark secret. He wants to believe in the soul.

Most of us do, really—at least I think so. If there is such a thing as human identity, it must exist prior to any activity, including artistic creation.

If, as the West once believed, we are created to be godlike creatures, who, by virtue of an original alienation, must realize the image in which we are made, then role-playing makes sense as part of the process. But only certain roles enable the process to go on, while others are positively detrimental to it. Faulkner might well have written his way toward authenticity, but his boozing could hardly have forwarded the process. What Faulkner, Karl, and so many others want to believe is that anything is possible by virtue of nothing's being ordained.

Faulkner's terror in literary company indicates to me, however, that Faulkner sensed the error of totally identifying himself with his most cherished activity. His own vision of things finally denied him grounds for believing in his divinity on the basis of accomplishment.

And while I found the Romantic paradigm behind Karl's treatment of Faulkner suspicious, I want to say how truly fine a book this is, and how much I enjoyed it. Because Karl wrestles with understanding Faulkner in the depths of his own soul, his biography draws from us our own deepest responses to literature and life. Karl has provided us with an opportunity for thinking about human identity, and that is what biography is all about. □

A WANDERER IN NO MAN'S LAND

Stephen J. Tonsor

The Culture We Deserve, by Jacques Barzun, edited by Arthur Krystal (Wesleyan University Press, 185 pp., $19.95)

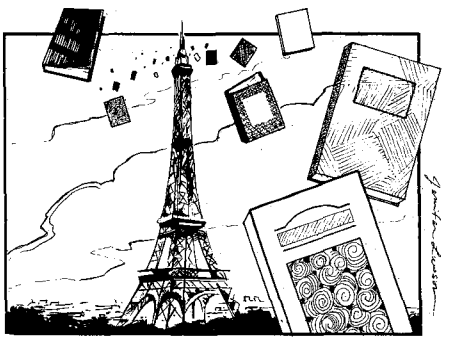
THERE ARE only a few such monuments in American academic and intellectual life as Jacques Barzun. In terms of the history of Columbia University alone he spans the time from the challenging days of President Nicholas Murray Butler to Columbia's undistinguished and inert present. Most men's minds are shaped by the intellectual influences of their youth, and for Barzun the primary influence was the American philosopher William James. Intellectual style is a more complicated matter, but surely for Barzun the determinative influence was his French birth and boyhood. He has brought a French clarity of style and thought to American letters, together with a felicity of phrase altogether unacademic. Above all, Barzun has patterned himself on the French model of engaged intellectuality and has devoted his life to bringing his great gifts to bear on the cultural and moral problems of his time. This collection is a fair index of the energy and brilliance of his mind, and of the inclusive range of his concerns.

At first the book's title, *The Culture We Deserve*, seems only the happy invention of a desperate editor faced with diverse and seemingly unrelated essay and lecture topics. It must have been difficult to find a title that would embrace the historiography of Walter Prescott Webb and public support of the fine arts. But with the help of the first essay, "Culture High and Dry," the unity of cultural commentary is imposed on these diverse essays. An imposed unity is hardly needed, however, for each thought-provoking excursion is interesting and important in its own right. And each, in good pragmatist form, is an "essay": an open-ended attempt which contains no dicta and explores rather than resolves a particular problem. The habit of the academic lecturer dominates these pages, and we are given book-length topics in fifty-minute bursts of sustained power and charm.

Barzun might be mistaken for a conservative, given the gravamen of his indictments of contemporary culture and morality. Such is not the case; instead he is an early-twentieth-century liberal in the style of William James and Woodrow Wilson—one who, unlike his mentors, is forced to live with the consequences of his presuppositions.

Readers of this journal will applaud Barzun's attack upon the "Alexandrian textualists" who have turned the groves of academe into knowledge factories where students are trained in "facticity" rather than discriminating judgment. They will be delighted and amused by Barzun's merry romp through our intellectual handbook culture, in which reference works have become mere lists, generally of dubious validity. They will applaud Barzun's attack upon a historiography that is, increasingly, a pointillist pastiche of social curiosities without chronological structure or even narrative line. They may even agree with some of the views expressed in "What Critics Are Good For," though in this essay the tension in Barzun's thought between the neo-classic idea and historical and relativist modernism may be confusing. It turns out that "A Surfeit of Fine Art" is as deadly as a surfeit of anything else and that overproduction in the arts coupled with the increasing claims of artists to public support is disastrous both for art and for the high place art should hold in our public and private lives. Finally, "License to Corrupt," dealing with the decline of rhetoric, ought to be required reading in every freshman English course.

The collection's real unity is not to be found in the concept of culture but in Barzun's fear of the decadence of Western civilization, which he so eloquently expresses in his final essay,



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"Toward the Twenty-First Century." Barzun's critique of contemporary culture is here elaborated into a theory of general civilizational decline. This is not simply the cultural complaint of an old man who has lived out of one era and into another. It is the evaluation of a sophisticated mind which sees clearly the ruined cultural landscape that has become the intellectual and social habitation of contemporary mankind. Barzun tries to be hopeful, much in the style of Gibbon's summary chapter, "General Observations on the Fall of the Roman Empire in the West." The attempt is, however, unconvincing—as unconvincing as a prospectus for the survival of civilization in the seventeenth century written by an Aztec priest.

It is unconvincing, I believe, because Barzun's philosophical pragmatism and his historical relativism prevent him from developing an adequate theory of culture, morals, or civilization. What Barzun is describing is the disintegration of modernism: a modernism that is a direct descendant of the secular liberalism and pragmatism that Barzun so enthusiastically embraces.

In his essay "The Bugbear of Relativism" there is the usual historicist defense of a culture that has no absolute values, a culture in which mankind steadily redefines both the meaning of its existence and the order and values that enhance its experience. There is the usual secularist attack on the bad old days when mankind was dominated by outworn absolutist religious doctrines. We are told that "if fairness and kindliness to fellow human beings are signs of moral feeling, the laws and habits of the West in the twentieth century are infinitely superior ethically to the practice of the great ages of religion." This, after Auschwitz and Gulag. And, if we are so ethically superior, why the gloomy prospects retailed in Barzun's final essay?

The fallacy of the pragmatist relativism of William James, and of James's disciple Jacques Barzun, was pointed out long ago when George Santayana, James's colleague at Harvard, wrote in *Character and Opinion in the United States*:

> But what is a good life? Had William James, had the people about him, had modern philosophers anywhere, any notion of that? I cannot think so. They had much experience of personal goodness, and love of it; they had standards of character and right conduct; but as to what might render human existence good, excellent, beautiful, happy, and worth having as a whole, their notions were utterly thin and barbarous. They had forgotten the Greeks or never known them.

Then Santayana added a final note of scorn for pragmatism and its practitioners:

> Or if the argument is rather that these beliefs, whether true or false, make life better in this world, the thing is simply false. To be boosted by an illusion is not to live better than to live in harmony with the truth; it is not nearly so safe, not nearly so sweet, and not nearly so fruitful. □

SORCERESS

Joseph Sobran

Judgment Day: My Years with Ayn Rand, by Nathaniel Branden (Houghton Mifflin, 436 pp., $21.95)

AYN RAND'S Objectivist movement effectively came to a sudden end in 1968, when Miss Rand learned that her chief disciple and sometime lover, Nathaniel Branden, was having an affair with a younger disciple. To make matters slightly worse, Mrs. Branden, also an Objectivist insider, had known of the affair and connived in keeping Miss Rand in the dark about it.

Barbara Branden has already written about the episode in her biography, *The Passion of Ayn Rand*, and her unflattering portrait of her ex-husband led many to wonder what his own memoir would have to say about it all. *Judgment Day: My Years with Ayn Rand* evens the score. Branden portrays Barbara as a weak tramp who became a frigid wife, and Miss Rand herself as a raving tyrant.

It happened like this. After reading *The Fountainhead* in his teens, young Nathan Blumenthal, of Toronto, wrote a couple of philosophical fan letters to the author, who lived in Los Angeles with her husband. She invited him to visit; they hit it off ecstatically, and on subsequent visits he took his girlfriend along. The four became close, so close that when Nathan and Barbara moved to New York, Miss Rand followed, her husband in tow. She was working on a big new novel, *The Strike*, in which her revolutionary philosophy of reason and laissez-faire was to be fully developed and dramatized. Nathan led the formation of a circle of young followers, who expected publication of the book to change the world.

By the time the book appeared, in 1957, as *Atlas Shrugged*, the Rand cult was operating. Moreover, Ayn and Nathan (who had changed his name to the more Randesque Nathaniel Branden) had become lovers, her argument that this was a supremely "rational" arrangement having overpowered the objections of Barbara and the feckless Mr. Rand, Frank O'Connor.

Surprisingly, Miss Rand fell into deep depression after the publication of her book. It sold well, and didn't stop selling, but the reviews were murder. Besides, she had put all her energy into the novel, and had no follow-up act. But Branden, 25 years younger, saw the chance to expand the circle of her admirers into a movement that could change the world in the long run and make money in the short run. As their love affair lapsed into remission, he took charge of the cult. She named him "my intellectual heir" and praised him as a "hero," like Howard Roark and John Galt.

The Objectivist movement grew, with seminars and a newsletter. But at its core, it was a small cluster of mostly Jewish kids, very bright but timid, callow, naïve, who accepted Miss Rand's whims as laws. For all her celebration of reason and individualism, she demanded blind loyalty and inflicted merciless humiliation on followers who differed with her. Never mind her *doctrines*; a good Objectivist had to share her *tastes*. She damned Shakespeare and Tolstoy, preferring Vic-

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tor Hugo and Mickey Spillane. She condemned Beethoven, a heroic innovator if there ever was one, for his "malevolent sense of life"; she liked Rachmaninoff and operetta. At group meetings, Branden flayed deviants on her behalf, doubling as a psychological counselor in off-hours for those who could afford it (and take it).

The atmosphere was so fear-ridden that even Branden eventually sickened of it. He had his own fears: Miss Rand made heavy demands on him, and sometimes withering accusations in private. He naturally recoiled, and by the time she wanted to resume their sexual affair, he had fallen in love with a new girl in the group, a beautiful young woman who seemed to adore him unconditionally, in definance of all Randian rationality.

Branden understandably hesitated to tell Miss Rand about this new development. But he hesitated for *five years*, during which time he staved off her romantic advances while assuring her that he loved her. This is a judgment call, of course, but I think it would be generous to allow a man six *months* to extricate himself from such a situation.

Among other things, his livelihood was at stake. He never directly says this, so we are not invited to think it crossed his mind. He hints that money was Barbara's motive for joining in the deception, whereas *he* was intent on not hurting Ayn. You see the difference. At times he is rough on himself, but not nearly rough enough. At any rate, this intellectual giant had reached the age of thirty without being qualified for any role in life except changing the world. And even this might be harder to achieve without Miss Rand's patronage.

She must have been a terror, all right. She cut herself off from people her own age and confined her social contact to young people she could tyrannize. Her husband seemed to bear her open adultery with a kind of boneless benevolence (a friend of mine who met him once describes him as "filet of human being"), but his cuckoldry drove him to drink. In Branden, Miss Rand thought she'd found the great love that had always eluded her, but she acted as if she owned him, with an anxious possessiveness no reader of her novels would suspect her capable of. Still, she has her own pathos: no man she respected ever

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found her desirable, except a lad who might almost have been her son.

And she was one of the great cranks: she did her own thinking, from the ground up. People like that often have powerful, original, but not terribly well-balanced minds. She regarded herself as a great intellectual pioneer, but she expected the public to embrace her as soon as she had shattered its most cherished beliefs and sentiments. Nobody knew quite how to take her, and she would permit only one way: on her own terms. Branden did so until he realized he had compromised himself by living so long under her spell: he calls her a "sorceress of reason."

Branden has few good words for his friends of those years; he clearly regards the whole scene as morbid. But it has left its traces on him; his prose still has the ring of Objectivist kitsch, overworking adverbs like "profoundly" and "passionately" to heighten the sense of drama or lend a touch of gravity. Since the split, he's also acquired a layer of California psychobabble, as when he observes that his second wife was "in touch with her feelings." But he is perceptive enough to make his portraits of people, especially the unflattering ones, sound like plausible psychological diagnoses. (Though they can't all be *that* bad.)

Judgment Day might be a slightly junky book, except that Ayn Rand is such a terrific character—a woman drawn in equal parts from Wagner and James Thurber. Branden foreshadows the climactic scene heavy-handedly, but when it comes, the floor shudders, the chandeliers sway, and plaster drops in great chunks from the ceiling. When this woman lost her temper, Stalin would have dived for cover. If you're interested in this sort of thing, you probably ought to be ashamed of yourself, but you won't be disappointed. □

ART

A STAR IS REBORN

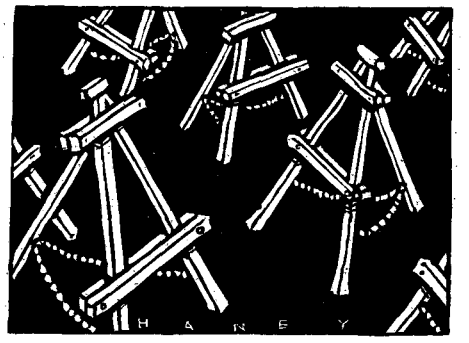
James Gardner

THE LARGER WORLD has not yet heard of Artemisia Gentileschi, but soon that may change. For some time, this seventeenth-century woman painter has inspired the devoted attention of feminist artists, critics, and art historians. But only now, with the appearance of Anna Banti's novelization of the artist's life, *Artemisia* (Nebraska), newly translated from the Italian, and of Mary Garrard's full-dress monograph, *Artemisia Gentileschi* (Princeton), does the artist finally appear poised to go into orbit.

For many feminists, Artemisia Gentileschi (1593–1652) is a fully contemporary champion of their interests, dispatched by some miraculous expedient back into the male-dominated morass of Counter-Reformation Rome. In biographical terms, she appeals as a thoroughly independent woman who, in a colorful and picaresque life, traveling unescorted through Italy and England, triumphantly overcame the prejudices and intrigues of jealous male rivals to win the esteem of kings and councilors. Above all, her rape at the age of 16 and the dramatic lawsuit that followed have turned her into a kind of feminist proto-martyr.

But if she were merely an interesting biographical subject, it is unlikely that she would have provoked as much admiration as she has. It is her art that has, at the very least, made plausible her present prestige, the likes of which few of the Old Masters, and none of the other Old Mistresses, have been able to win from an audience that is usually bored by anyone over two hundred. Whereas the art of the other women painters working in the period from the Renaissance to the French Revolution was usually feeble and derivative, Artemisia's works have real power and distinction. For her, no excuses need be made. In *The Obstacle Race*, Germaine Greer, feminist *provocateuse extraordinaire*, called Artemisia "a great genius." For Mary Garrard, she was "a sheer creative genius." Whether or not this is a fair assessment, it says a great deal that it cannot be rejected out of hand.

Anna Banti's fine novel, first published in Italian in 1953, presents an interesting contrast to more recent feminist writings about the artist. This quiet and introspective recreation of the artist's life, by one of Italy's better postwar novelists, is the tribute not only of one creative woman to another, but also of one human being to another. The ordeals that Artemisia suffered—her rape and unhappy marriage, her cold, uncaring father, and her poverty and ill-health—are paralleled by the author's own experiences during World War II. Above all, a sense of measure and proportion informs the critical part of the novel, despite its being a work of creative writing.



But that was almost four decades ago, and an entirely different mood marks the present agitation in this artist's behalf. Artemisia is of compelling interest as one of the most obscure and even exotic idols of writers motivated by frankly contemporary political agendas. The stuffy and rarefied discipline of Old Master scholarship had previously been almost defiantly impervious to assault from the rude world without. Now, however, with Mary Garrard's massive monograph, this citadel appears in the process of being stormed.

Unlike earlier monographs on women artists, especially women active before the turn of the century, Mary Garrard's book is a massive scholarly undertaking of over six hundred pages, with hundreds of illustrations. In bulkiness, at least, it resembles Richard Krautheimer's admirable monograph on Lorenzo Ghiberti, also published by Princeton. There is reason to believe that Miss Garrard's book is the opus that was meant to place feminist art history on a firmer, more mainstream footing. According to one art historian quoted on the back cover, "this book provides a superb model for subsequent investigations of women artists."

But the discerning reader will quickly notice that rather more is going on in this book than disinterested scholarship. It is surely fitting for Miss Garrard to insist upon the role that Artemisia's gender played in her creativity: the author's sensitivity to this subject has enabled her to discern varieties and layers of meaning that earlier, non-feminist readings could not have yielded. Yet at every turn, one

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is uneasily aware of the author's special pleading. One grows suspicious as she juggles dates in an unconvincing attempt to show that Artemisia's originality preceded and inspired that of her father—the truly great Orazio Gentileschi—rather than the other way around. Her attributions of many new paintings to Artemisia also should be viewed warily, and certain errors in her Italian, French, and Latin do not inspire the confidence one usually has in scholars of the Old Masters. Miss Garrard's book, in short, is a quiet polemic, but a polemic all the same. It is what Germaine Greer would have written had she been better behaved, more erudite, and more focused in her attention. Miss Garrard's mission is to see that justice, as she conceives it, is done. "The conclusion," she writes, "is inescapable: Artemisia Gentileschi has been neglected because she was a woman."

It is true that Artemisia tackled the big themes with a violence and militancy that no woman before her had ever attempted. Her Judith is not, like Elisabetta Sirani's earlier version, a pleasantly voided doll. This strident and athletic amazon moves only slightly out of the trajectory of blood that arcs from her victim's neck. Her deep blue robes clash with the crimson robes of her servant, and the treacherous entanglement of their ashen arms slices through an encircling Caravaggesque darkness. In one of her earliest and most original works, Artemisia depicts Susanna in the pallid, early morning tonalities of her father, Orazio. Miss Garrard, who is eager to interpret every one of Artemisia's paintings in the light of the artist's gender, is surely correct in seeing in this painting the emotional dislocation the rape and trial must have occasioned. The colors are an almost unheard-of conjunction of greenish grey, red, flesh-tone, and sky blue, and they deflect completely whatever erotic charge the subject ordinarily had when rendered by male artists. As two chattering, ogling, greedily whispering men converge from above upon Susanna, the young woman tries to cover her ear with one hand and with the other to push her oppressors away. Throughout Artemisia's career sex remains a violent and distasteful ordeal. Her women are about as voluptuous as trucks, and, despite a certain noble purposiveness, they are almost never beautiful. Having just been raped by Tarquin, Artemisia's Lucretia plunges a dagger into her stocky, muscular torso, which fills almost entirely the cramped space of the picture. In two depictions of the suicide of Cleopatra, it is easy to believe that Artemisia did not scruple to consult a real corpse.

Such paintings as these invite, and sustain, the feminist readings that Miss Garrard has very sensitively given them. But she absurdly overshoots the mark in calling Artemisia a "sheer creative genius." Though it is true that Artemisia's was "an art of energy and drama," the truth is that, formally and dramatically, it was greatly derivative: most of its motifs come from Caravaggio and Artemisia's father, as well as from the lingering, undigested mass of Mannerist habits that were still floating around Europe at her time. For all the violence in these paintings, which Miss Garrard is ever at pains to underscore, Artemisia was at her best and most original when she did not feel compelled to galvanize her figures into movement. Compositionally, her works are feeble: that she did not know what to do with more than two figures at a time is evidenced in later paintings like *Lot and His Daughters* and *David and Bathsheba*. In terms of execution, she shares with the other followers of Caravaggio a capacity for the fine delineation of faces, but a fatal perfunctoriness in executing many of the details of the figures and their surroundings. Ultimately, Artemisia was one of the better followers of Caravaggio, though not the best.

Artemisia Gentileschi is worthy of note for two reasons. The first is that she was an indisputably good painter, better than almost anyone alive today. The second is that when someone gets round to writing the intellectual history of the last quarter of the twentieth century, she will play no small role. Artemisia is being used and transformed and oftentimes misread by the scholars of our day, who have other things in mind than the objective value of her art. Neither her originality nor her skill is great enough to justify the exorbitant praise she has received, and such real gifts as she did possess seem compromised and cheapened by their being asked to deliver so much. In this sense, she is one of the retroactive victims of affirmative action, which can have no legitimate place in the writing of art history. □

FILM

MY THING, RIGHT OR WRONG

John Simon

NEITHER THE cutesy, trivial sex carrousel of *She's Gotta Have It* (1986) nor the contrived, overstylized black-college musical *School Daze* (1988) prepared us for Spike Lee's third feature film, *Do the Right Thing* —which *he* spells with a capital T in "the," but we must not indulge him in everything. The earlier films showed skill, wit (though indifferent dialogue), and an eclectic, magpie-like ability to pick up bits from all over and make a personalized collage out of them; they did not suggest that the young black writer-director would make his next film into something genuinely disturbing, strongly controversial, and nervily powerful. Not good, mind you, but slick, savvy, explosive.

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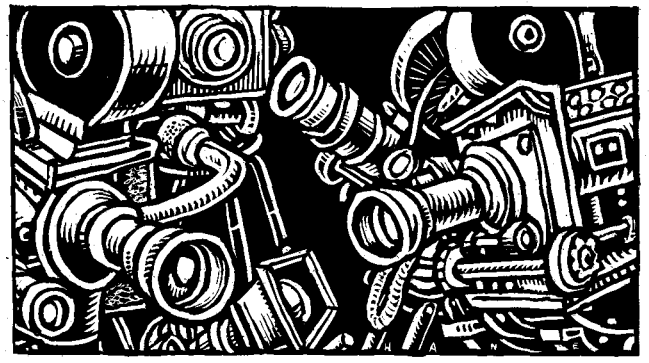
Why not also good, then? Because though a work of art need not have the answers—indeed, it usually doesn't—it must ask its questions honestly. It must, even if it knows that there are no answers—and not just no easy answers—try to shed as much light as it sensitively and searchingly can. And it must be fair to all sides or be candid about which side it is taking. Above all, it must know itself. None of this is true of *Do the Right Thing*, a clever film that, every step of the way, outsmarts itself.

It concerns the "hottest day of the summer" on one block of Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant section, a poor neighborhood but not a slum. The brownstones lining the block are all tolerable, and there is also a storefront radio station, a church, a newly opened Korean market, and Sal's Famous Pizzeria, which Sal has run for many years. He and his two sons, Pino, 22 (a hothead and racist), and Vito, twenty (a nice but somewhat dim fellow), live in Bensonhurst, but drive over every day. Their delivery boy, Mookie (Lee himself), is a canny young hustler, always counting his money and nurturing nebulous dreams of advancement. He resides with his sister, Jade (played by his real-life sister, Joie, a pretty girl with a hairdo like a miniature car crash), but has a very young Puerto Rican wife, Tina, who, with their tiny son, lives at her mother's.

There are two choruses observing and commenting on the action. One is the three corner men, middle-aged guys lounging on a street corner and shooting the breeze while also taking potshots at one another and people around them. Though they seem to be penniless layabouts, they are well dressed and, apparently, comfortable. The second chorus comprises three young men and a girl who sit on stoops, dance around, turn on the fire hydrant for a street water-carnival, and frequent Sal's Famous. They, too, comment on the action, but from a youthful point of view. Finally, there are two old-timers who, without being a chorus exactly, give voice to the attitudes of the older generation.



Mother Sister (Ruby Dee) is a widow who lives in and off the brownstone her husband left her, and spends her time looking out the ground-floor window and condescendingly chatting with the passersby. Her opposite number is Da Mayor (Ossie Davis, Miss Dee's spouse), a beer-swilling street philosopher and self-appointed counselor to the neighborhood. He is in love with Mother Sister, who, however, berates, insults, or ignores him. He pays her elaborate compliments, buys her roses (with what money?), and humbly endures her contumely. Only when he throws himself into the street to snatch a kid from the jaws of an onrushing car does he earn a grudging compliment from his sassy Dulcinea.

The main action involves the conflict between Sal and two of the block's wilder inhabitants. One is Buggin' Out, a young man with distinctly neurotic symptoms, who objects to Sal's displaying pictures of famous Italian-Americans but none of famous blacks, even though most of the pizzeria's customers are black. Sal tells him that in his own establishment he can hang whatever pictures he wants; in the ensuing argument, he orders Buggin' Out out of his place, with the latter vowing to have the eatery boycotted. But he can enlist only two fellow boycotters: the block's other problem child, Radio Raheem, a huge, taciturn, unsmiling youth promenading about with his enormous boom box blasting away the same rap music (by Public Enemy) at top volume; and Smiley, an unsmiling retardate who peddles hand-colored prints of the only picture ever taken of Martin Luther King and Malcolm X together.

The pivot around which much of this conflict whirls is Mookie. Working for Sal, and liked by him and Vito (though detested by Pino), Mookie has to an extent become part of that white family business, but, being black, tends to align himself with the black clientele, even the hostile ones. Still, being above all a me-firster and opportunist (he has ways of extorting sizable tips from the people he delivers pizzas to), Mookie is really on nobody's side but his own, always watching which way the wind is blowing—if we can talk of wind in this stifling heat—and acting in his own best interest. In a sense, then, *Do the Right Thing* is about Mookie's (or Spike's) politicization, about his taking sides and starting the uprising.

There are minor confrontations with whites earlier: one with a loudmouth whose fancy convertible gets deliberately doused from the hydrant manipulated by a member of Chorus #2; the other with a yuppie who has bought a brownstone on the block and accidentally steps on Buggin' Out's new Air Jordans and soils them. In both cases, showdowns are avoided, perhaps a trifle unconvincingly. In fact, the episode with the yuppie (a cameo performance by John Savage) is one of the film's loose ends—probably intended as a "There goes the neighborhood" joke in reverse. Another is Mister Señor Love Daddy, the DJ of storefront station WLR (We Love Radio), who here fulfills roughly the same function Wolfman Jack did in *American Graffiti*—but if you must borrow someone else's idea you should do something more with it. Still another loose end, or red herring, is the homage to *Night of the Hunter*, where Robert Mitchum, a mad preacher, had his hands tattooed with LOVE and HATE, respectively. Here it is Radio Raheem who sports brass knuckle rings with these complementary legends, but for him they make very little sense, and his explanatory speeches, coming from a nonverbal person, still less. Yet remote, immaculate even in the heat and asserting his loud music, Raheem becomes for Spike an

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New York Times, July 23, 1986

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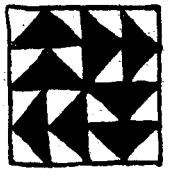
THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

WHAT—EXACTLY—is being implied when people speak of women as "historic victims of discrimination," historically barred or discouraged from "positions in which they have been underrepresented"? Nothing, certainly, that is in the slightest way pertinent to history, which knows nothing of such horrors. It is at best unhistorical, at worst mendacious, to conjure out of presentist experience tableaux depicting brilliant, aggressively aspiring women being passed over for ecclesiastical preferment in fourteenth-century Italy, or for admission to the Inns of Court in sixteenth-century England, or for well-paid directorial positions in the House of Rothschild in nineteenth-century France. The absurdity is equal to that of suggesting that men living in the frontier communities of the American West were discriminated against—"historically"—by the madams of local establishments, who chose perversely to employ nubile females exclusively.

Ellen Frankel Paul, of the Social Philosophy and Policy Center at Bowling Green State University and the Cato Institute, would agree. Both Western society and the capitalist market have subsequently made room for women in their differing roles and occupations, *in proportion as women have shown the desire and the ability to assume such roles and occupations.* "We ought not," she insists, "to dwell upon the past. . . . If women of another generation wanted to remain at home tending to their children, and their husbands' salaries . . . [allowed] them to do so, then it is foolish to blame 'society' for the results. . . . Rather than condemning the market system, feminists ought to be glorying in it, for it has proved remarkably adaptable to women's evolving desire to work full-time, to work throughout their lives, and to work in new and challenging jobs." Reading Professor Paul's new book, *Equity and Gender: The Comparable Worth Debate* (Transaction Publishers, New Brunswick, N.J. 08903; $24.95), I was reminded of Evelyn Waugh's remark upon finishing Flannery O'Connor's *Wise Blood*: "If this is really the unaided work of a young lady, it is a remarkable product."



The Equal Pay Act of 1963 and Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 made it illegal for an employer to apply the criteria of race, religion, ethnicity, or sex to hiring policy, or to provide anything less than "equal pay for equal work"; for a few years thereafter the problem of equality in the job market seemed forever laid to rest. But only for a few years: beginning in about the mid Seventies, rumors of something termed "comparable worth" began to be heard in legal, labor, and public-policy circles. As Professor Paul explains this notion, it means that, "if more than half of the women in the United States work in jobs that are 75 per cent dominated by women, then more must be done to alleviate their lot than simply securing them equal pay for equal work." As Joy Ann Grune, former executive director of the National Committee on Pay Equity, has written, "Culture, history, psychiatry, and social relations all have a role in wage discrimination . . . They contribute to the creation and maintenance of a gender-based division of labor in the market economy that is old, pronounced, and pays women less."

The notion of "pay equity" therefore appears to legal-rights activists as an idea whose time has come, of a piece with the rest of the affirmative-action legislation that has been passed during the last quarter-century; consequently, they have not been bashful about promoting it. As a result of their efforts, twenty states have evaluated their pay scales in accordance with the comparable-worth concept and ten have institutionalized changes based on such evaluation; a number of major cities have caved in to the comparable-worth activists; and several bills have been introduced in Congress with the purpose of mandating a task force to study the "problem" at the federal level of government. So far the Supreme Court, when it has had to consider the issue, has managed to do so obliquely, and Professor Paul hazards the guess that it will not make a direct ruling until one side or the other, by dint of sheer momentum, forces its hand. In several instances, however, the lower courts have evinced distaste for, and even hostility toward, the concept of comparable worth. In *Lemons* v. *City and County of Denver* (1978), brought by municipally employed nurses seeking to have their job classification updated in order to gain higher wages, Chief Judge Winner said: "So what [an expert witness] is suggesting is that I should open the Pandora's box in this case of restructuring the entire economy of the United States of America. I am not going to do it. Some higher court is going to have to take that step. . . . The courts of this country would be deluged with that type of litigation, and there isn't a judge in the United States, especially this judge, qualified to set everybody else's pay. It would be an absolutely hopeless morass."

THERE EXIST today two companies in the United States that have pioneered the "science" of determining comparability by setting "experts" the task of analyzing jobs according to the skills, responsibilities, and so forth required, assigning each factor a value, and then adding up the points to determine which—utterly dissimilar—jobs are truly "comparable" and which, therefore, should command a comparable yearly number of beans. Compared to this scheme, Henry George's Single Tax was a model of clear-sighted ratiocination. That so inane a plan should have acquired such momentum in the past ten or 15 years is proof of how far this country has progressed from reality in the past 25. "Most proponents of comparable worth," Professor Paul writes, "argue that it is not an alternative to the market, that it is like other correctives to the market that have been instituted by government in recent years. I contend that this is false." According to the subjective theory of value that has prevailed for some time now, labor has no intrinsic worth beyond what the law of supply and demand creates for it on a fluctuating basis. To assume otherwise is indeed to "confuse moral language with economic language," as Professor Paul so nicely puts it; while to codify that assumption as the foundation for the economic law of the land is to ensure the sheerest catastrophe, both economic and otherwise. □

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icon and, later, a martyred saint. But can sainthood be measured in decibels?

A more interesting near-confrontation occurs between Raheem and the hard-working Korean family running the market. Comments one of the corner men: "I betcha they haven't been a year off da motherf------ boat before they opened up their own place." And later: "Either dem Koreans are geniuses or we blacks are dumb." Typically, Lee answers this question both ways. One corner man's "Nobody don't want the black man to be about s---" is rejected by another corner man as "Old excuse." But, a bit later, Da Mayor justifies his drunken indolence with, "Until you have stood in the doorway and heard the hunger of your five children, unable to do a damn thing about it, you don't know s---." This, apparently, is *not* the old excuse. Such duality, such ambivalence, runs through the entire film, from larger meanings to footling details, not, however, confronting the viewers with demanding quandaries but allowing everyone to come away with his own facile choice of answer.

Even before the violent climax and improbable dénouement, there is troubling manipulativeness. By choosing a Saturday and Sunday morning for his time frame, Lee avoids the important matter of portraying many of his characters at work—or shirking it. By limiting his focus to one city block criss-crossed by the same principals and extras, a factitious intimacy is evoked, as in those old backlot movies with their cozily spurious sets. This absolves Lee (with one or two fleeting exceptions) from showing his characters involved with their families or friends living elsewhere. So relationships and interactions through which character is revealed can be finessed or left cavalierly vague. In fact, a whole larger social reality is ignored by omitting any reference to crack, even though the film crew had to dislodge crack dealers from two locations used in the movie. (They simply set up shop around the corner.) Mention this omission to Lee and he shouts "Racist!" at you.

Of course Lee's excuse—and it's a pretty neat one—would be that the artist must be selective, that he can't go into every detail of his numerous characters' lives. Furthermore, by using stylization, as in a sequence of monologues delivered straight into the camera by a number of characters

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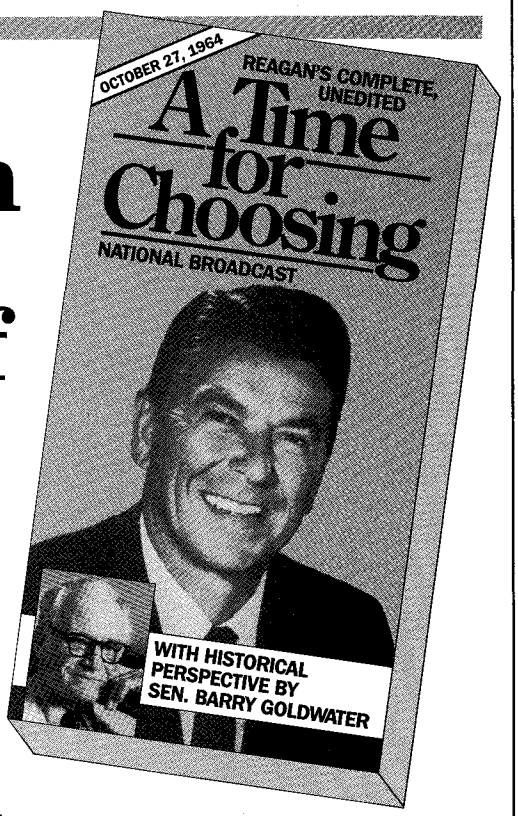

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reviling a member of another race, Lee can claim that his film is not strictly realistic (true enough) and can't be judged by naturalistic criteria. He might further argue that his characters are sufficiently defined by a symbol, a synecdoche, a fetish each one has: Raheem and his ghetto blaster, Buggin' Out and his unlaced sneakers, Mookie and the greenbacks he keeps smoothing out, rearranging, counting. Also Sal and his Mickey Mantle baseball bat, with which he metes out summary justice; Smiley and his photographs; and so on. Call it heightened, poetic realism.

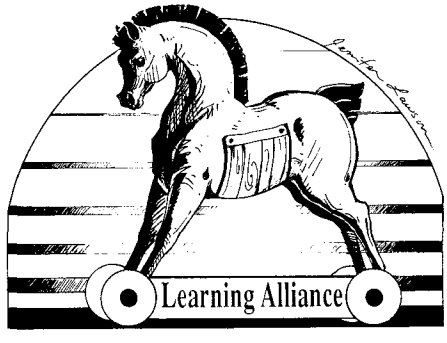
But the questions raised clamor for more attention. What does it mean that these Koreans and Italo-Americans are working hard, while the blacks, all but Mookie, are taking it easy? Well, perhaps Saturdays are for relaxing. Then why does Mookie keep at it? Because he has a family to support? No—else why would both Jade and Tina keep upbraiding him? And considering his reasonable earnings from salary and tips, why does he mooch off Jade and let his wife and child live with the mother-in-law who hates him? And if Sal, who is shown as pretty decent, is mainly good to him, why is it Mookie who tosses a trash-can through the pizzeria's window to start the looting? Some argue that by attacking the pizzeria, he deflects the mob's rage from its owners. Yet nothing in the film as we see and hear it (which differs in some ways both from the intentions stated in the filmmaker's journals and from the screenplay published along with them) supports this. Indeed, the overwhelming use of the anti-Semitic rap group Public Enemy's song "Fight the Power," the cops' accidental killing of Raheem (never mind that he was deliberately trying to strangle Sal), the mob's yelling "Coward Beach" as they set fire to Sal's Famous, Lee's numerous references in the journals and screenplay to Michael Stewart and Eleanor Bumpurs (two black victims of alleged brutality), as well as the uprising finally bringing together the newly politicized Mother Sister and Da Mayor, all suggest that Lee advocates violence.

Or is there an honest uncertainty, a true *aporia*, expressed in the two quotations Lee appends to the film: one from Dr. King, decrying violence as a solution, followed by another from Malcolm X, saying that it is stupid not to resort to violence in "self-defense," i.e., in righting social inequity. But consider the running order: Malcolm's solution comes last, as it were answering and superseding King's. I think it's also worth adverting to the closing words of the epilogue Lee prints in the book version:

> Am I advocating violence? No, but goddamn, the days of 25 million Blacks being silent while our fellow brothers [*sic*] and sisters are exploited, oppressed, and murdered, have to come to an end. Racial persecution, not only in the United States, but all over the world is not gonna go away; it seems it's getting worse (four years of Bush won't help). And if Crazy Eddie Koch gets reelected for a fourth term as mayor of New York, what you see in *Do The Right Thing* will be light stuff. Yep, we have a choice, Malcolm or King. I know who I'm down with.

I think there is little doubt about whom he is down with, despite his characteristic refusal to name him in a context where other names are blithely bandied about. Koch, to be sure, has been Lee's bugbear at the very least since Lee's graduation project from NYU Film School, *Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads* (1982), wherein a character—while playing the numbers!—declares that four more years of Koch ain't gonna be no picnic. What this paragraph seems to be saying is: I'm for peaceful solutions but, what with Bush already in the White House, all that's needed is Koch's re-election for all hell to break loose. And then there's no question about whose side I'll be on.

There are three conclusions to be derived, I think, from this generally well directed, acted, and photographed (by Ernest Dickerson) film. 1) The movie, consciously or unconsciously, intends to be rabble-rousing. 2) It is highly unlikely to succeed, but if it does, no one will be happier than Spike. 3) That happiness would have less to do with the weal of "fellow brothers" than with the ego trip of a middle-class armchair revolutionary. □



THE GIMLET EYE

ENVIRONMENTAL TROJAN HORSE

D. Keith Mano

CATALOGUE EDUCATION has been one of the more persistent urban phenomena in this decade. Most courses are practical: a lot on computer use, cash management, real estate, grant writing. There are the usual idiot topics as well: rune-stone magic, astral projection, how to flirt, strip-tease, remember a joke. Nothing better represents the peculiarly American enthusiasm for overnight self-improvement. A two-session course is rare: at Discovery Center or Learning Annex, "matriculate" and "graduate" mean the same thing. Half-notable personages teach—not because they're paid much (they aren't), but because the contingent PR is enormous. Free catalogues turn up everywhere (I got one, under the transom so to speak, while using a public toilet). Most courses are amateurish, structureless, and unsatisfying—held typically in a plaster-pocked junior-high classroom. Sit from 7 through 10 P.M. at some eighth-grade desk and you know why the Swedish-massage session has been so popular.

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action in some form." An un-acted-upon life is not worth living.

Along with the predictable self-help curriculum—bicycle repair, mask making, spring herbal medicine—the Alliance has a syllabus of politically correct courses. "Workshop on War Tax Resistance." "Strategies for Central American Solidarity." "Socially Responsible Investment." All about as provocative as a hotplate in a rented room. With that course list you could expect the Learning Alliance to draw no better than dune drift would. But of 82 courses, 19—and those the best attended, I reckon—deal with an environment in peril.

It has been that way for the Left since Reagan at least. As coherent, motivating ideology, liberalism today ranks just below a Polynesian cargo cult. Even pro-abortion sentiment, once so promising, proved sterile: it was a social, not a political matter, and its passion did not translate. Environmentalism alone can consistently empower (and emprofit) the leftist agenda. Liberals, therefore, have generated an extensive—and often commendable—conservationist effort. Much of this is cynical opportunism: an attempt to hamstring nuclear power or American capitalist expansion. Much has been pure alarmism. But one fact is clear: to do anything of a cooperative nature about the environment you must tolerate sordid contact with leftist agitpropwash. Money for Brazilian rain forests may end up in Nicaragua. Saving a whale might help undermine South Africa. Every tree planted in good faith could jeopardize SDI or Western Hemisphere security.

I took "How to Make the World a Better Place," taught by Jeffrey Hollender. Now there is no way I'll inconvenience myself for, say, the ozone layer. Even with a 362 cholesterol score I wouldn't forgo beef to save water and energy. But there is much you can do for the environment, Hollender told us, that doesn't entail living in pre-industrial America. A simple half-flush toilet dam made of aluminum won't discommode your commode: we're all using johns one could baptize with. An aerated shower or faucet head can be similarly economical. The most provocative item, though, is compact fluorescent lighting—which uses, yes, 75 per cent less electricity. CFL, now available, could save $30 billion per year in America alone, while reducing the world fossil-fuel burn by a gargantuan percentage.

I also learned what not to use at home: pump toothpaste dispensers (standard tubes require less plastic), aerosol shaving cream or deodorant, one-sided Xeroxing, styrofoam, plastic wrap (waxed paper instead), plastic soda bottles, plastic garbage bags (they biodegrade only after two hundred to five hundred years), disposable typewriter ribbons and Scotch-tape dispensers, paper plates, paper towels—in short, substitute glass or paper for plastic whenever possible, cloth or china for paper. Incidentally, the disposable diaper makes up 2 per cent of *all* American waste.

Enlightening and philanthropic material. But then . . . Hollender had been lecturing from a 25-page Xeroxed handout. On page 16, environmental concern became HOW TO DEFUSE NUCLEAR BOMBS. Followed by "citizen diplomacy": Central America from the Sandinista point of view. Followed by scathing invective against South Africa. And, to empower us all, a list of the top thirty corporate defense contractors. "We thought you should know," his preface said coyly. "And are willing to bet that by just reading the list actions will occur to you."

Afterward a young couple took me aside. (I had announced my affiliation with *NR* during the question-and-answer session.) "We're Reagan Republicans," they said, "but we'd like to do something about pollution. Why can't we find a conservative organization that sponsors workshops on environmental problems?" In large part, I told them, because the conservative movement has historically perceived environmentalism to be leftist posturing and disinformation. With good reason: often enough it is just that. In effect, though, control of environmental initiative and rhetoric has been ceded wholly to the Left. With that goes all moral high ground. By implication, fair or unfair (capitalist greed, etc.), the conservative sector is forced to lug blame for Love Canal, for Exxon, for whatever may happen tomorrow. George Bush's clean-air measure was positive but inadequate. It is time for the Republican Party to franchise a high-profile national committee of conservative business people concerned about the environment—and about dispassionate reportage of environmental fact. □

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. For NR box numbers only, send responses to NR Box ____, National Review, 150 E. 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.)

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THE COURT AND THE FLAG DECISION

NEW YORK, JUNE 28

A FEW YEARS after Vatican II had released its furies, and nuns were flocking to beauty salons and priests to the matrimonial side of the altar, I spoke with Bishop Fulton Sheen, the learned and eloquent Christian who for a while during the Fifties all but made theology a prime-time favorite (the Fulton Sheen hour competed against Milton Berle, who, suffering from diminished ratings, complained that his own scriptwriters weren't the equal of Sheen's—"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John"). I asked Bishop Sheen (on *Firing Line*) what offense was left, for Catholics, that merited instant excommunication. He snapped back: "Desecration of the Blessed Sacrament." He had trouble thinking of a second offense that would earn so heavy a penalty.

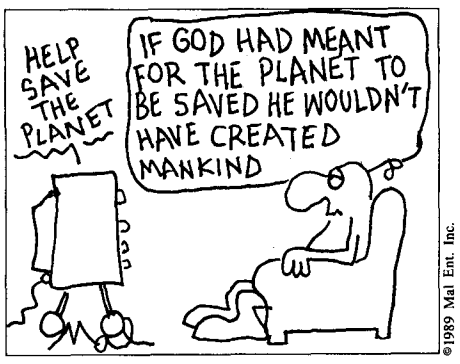
The word "desecration" was actually used by one of the dissenters in the Supreme Court's flag decision. It was Justice John Paul Stevens, who wrote that if the ideas of liberty and equality are "worth fighting for . . . it cannot be true that the flag that uniquely symbolizes their power is not itself worthy of protection from unnecessary desecration." One doesn't quite know what the word "unnecessary" is doing in that sentence, which opens up interesting philosophical questions, namely: Is it possible to desecrate that which you do not believe to be sacred? When the Stars and Stripes were shot down in the War of 1812, the British were engaged in an act of war, not in an act of desecration. Catholics believe that the Blessed Sacrament isn't a wafer, symbolizing God. They believe that it is God Himself. Is a non-believer engaged in desecration if he mutilates the Blessed Sacrament? Protestants tend to believe that the wafer has been merely "consubstantiated" into Godness, and communicants understand themselves to be partaking of a symbolic, not an actual, feast.

Is a state within the Union free, consistent with the First Amendment, to confer—as every state has done, with the exception of Alaska and Wyoming—special protection on the flag of the United States? To rule, in effect, that to violate that flag is an act of desecration?

What we have is the old struggle of understanding the implications of probably the most famous of Thomas Jefferson's pronouncements. He said in his first Inaugural Address, "If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it." The creep in Dallas who, in 1984, burned the flag chanting, "America, the red, white, and blue, we spit on you," certainly did not threaten the "safety" of the Republic, and there are certainly men of reason here and there who are left free to combat error of opinion—some even sit on the Supreme Court. But Jefferson was saying something largely unnoticed: that we are free to ignore challenges to our liberties *for so long as we are confident that they will not prevail.* On the whole we can indulge that confidence, said Jefferson early in the great century of rationalist euphoria. Unhappily, we now know that it is not always so, and there are those willing to say that First Amendment or no First Amendment, they'd have voted to outlaw an American equivalent of the Nazi Party some time before it took power.

Almost by definition a society is entitled to its monuments, in which its higher thoughts are enshrined. Again Justice Stevens made the point, electing a negative formulation. "The creation of a federal right to post bulletin boards and graffiti on the Washington Monument might enlarge the market for free expression, but at a cost I would not pay."

Justice Stevens is making the point that, without offending the Bill of Rights, the states can be authorized to protect from desecration their special monuments. These vary within the states. The Alamo quite reasonably means more to Texans than to New Yorkers, who have their own monuments. The flag is the monument the states have in common. And surely a society that has the power to conscript its citizens and, in many cases, to send them to their deaths in defense of that flag, has also the right to guard against desecrating the flag that symbolizes, even if it does not transubstantiate, their ideals.



We know more than they did two hundred years ago about the strategic meaning of morale. Without it, sometimes you lose—lose the whole green pasture, First Amendment through the Twenty-Sixth Amendment, inclusive. It is correct for a society as a matter of prudence to guard its banner against desecration, and to do so is also an act of dignity. And the maintenance of the national dignity is essential to the maintenance of the national morale. □

HOORAY FOR THE AMENDMENT

NEW YORK, JUNE 30

I FAVOR THE PASSAGE of Mr. Bush's Save the Flag amendment because I think the flag is unique and entitled to unique deference. But also for other reasons . . .

The underappreciated point about the Supreme Court is that it has become a kind of moral secular authority. Adult men and women, staring hard at a clause in the Constitution of the United States that forbids an establishment of religion and recognizing no reasonable nexus between that prohibition and the recital, at their local public school, of a public prayer, jointly formulated by rabbis, ministers, and priests, receive on Monday what might be called a juridical bull from the Supreme Court, and on Tuesday there is compliance. Their docility is, in the religious sense, exemplary. *If that is what the Supreme Court says,* the most urbane American lawyers, governors, ministers, and journalists will say—*why, that is how it shall be.* It is my point that it is something more than compliance that then results. It is something akin to what, in religion, they call "internal assent." If-that-is-what-the-Supreme-Court-says-that-is-the-way-it-will-be graduates toward: If that is what the Supreme

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Court says, that is the way it *ought* to be. The docility becomes religious in character.

The objection that, after all, we have had a number of constitutional amendments in recent years does not affect the insight. Because the amendments, with an insignificant exception, have merely codified popular passions, some of them consolidated (no poll tax), others impulsive and manipulated (no booze). But (save for the largely irrelevant exception) there has been no constitutional amendment the purpose of which was to revise the interpretations of a Supreme Court, notwithstanding egregious provocations by the Court, most recently during the Fifties and Sixties, when it became a commonplace to refer to the "Warren Revolution." Those who hoped for the status quo ante—in the area of legislative representation, criminal procedure, or freedom of association—spoke big, and filed their proposed constitutional reforms; but, in fact, it was a ritual. They were really waiting for a few popes to die, knowing that only fresh popes could authoritatively change doctrines that were fast being accepted or—received.

I am suggesting what must by now be obvious. The public is being trained, as regards the Supreme Court of the United States when it is interpreting the Constitution, to accept its rulings as if rendered ex cathedra, on questions of faith and morals. The durability of the United States Constitution is in part testimony to the genius of its architects, but it endures also because it changes. It changes in considerable part at the shaping of the Supreme Court, concerning whose elaborations of the Constitution much poetry has been written, mostly by those who, at any particular historical period, are enthusiastic about the direction the Court is taking. The public needs to experience a release from a subtle thralldom to judicial morality. A constitutional amendment, done athwart the will of the Court for the first time in modern history, would accomplish more than simply bringing relief to the majority who consider themselves victims of judicial usurpation. It would deliver the Republic from a presumptuous ethical/political tribunal which has come to treat the Constitution with something like an author's possessiveness. Thus is mocked their fellow Americans' powers of thought analysis, and their august commitment to self-rule. Accordingly, the special need for a constitutional amendment.

SAVE FOR the first paragraph in this column, the words you have read were published in my book *Four Reforms*, in 1973. We've waited a long time.

It is already being said that the pro-amendment people are guilty of "hysteria." ". . . freedom cannot survive if exceptions are made every time someone in power decides certain forms of expression are too offensive to permit. If we allow that, our right to free speech will inevitably depend on what the President or Congress is willing to permit. And that is precisely what the First Amendment was designed to prevent." Thus speaks Mr. Ira Glasser, executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union. Peace. An amendment needs the acquiescence of 38 states. And to protect the flag is not to invite protection of tomorrow's little flaglets, any more than inserting "In God We Trust" assured that movements would soon spring up asking that, to God, we add Mum, Dad, our retired schoolteacher, and Aunt Susie.

But more important than the objective of the proposed amendment is: the exercise of the amendment power to deny the Court. □

ADAM SMITHKICHOV LIVES

NEW YORK, JUNE 19

REMEMBER THE DATE, Friday, June 16, 1989. It was then that a seminar met of economists who are also deputies in the new National Congress of the Soviet Union. The meeting was presided over by Leonid Abalkin, who was recently nominated by Gorbachev to serve as his deputy prime minister. Here is what Abalkin said to an audience of more than six hundred people, at the Institute of the Economy: "Our studies clearly show that if the economy is not stabilized over the next one and a half to two years and the start of improvement is not achieved, a rightward swing by society is inevitable."

One needs to take a deep breath after reading such words as these, spoken in the socialist capital of the world. And of course one needs right away to consult the glossary of Russian expression.

1. "Rightward," as is well known (to quote a favorite Communist locution), here means: in the direction of Stalin. To move rightward doesn't mean to reach all the way to Stalin, even as to move heavenward doesn't mean to land in heaven. Stop at the Andropov level, or perhaps at the Brezhnev level, or even the Khrushchev level of right-wingism. What Abalkin was talking about was not the return of centralized power (Gorbachev is supremely powerful right now), but a return to the exercise of centralized power (which Gorbachev has been reluctant to undertake in domestic policy).

2. The Communists grew up talking about "inevitable" historical developments, such as the withering away of the state, so that one can be indulgent about the misuse of a word which has no place in social history—no social development can be said to be "inevitable," especially within a time frame measured in months.

But then we are also summoned to ask ourselves the question, What if the economy does not improve, and if there is such a swing rightward: what will be the implications of such a swing for others than Soviet citizens? What would it mean to —well, to you and me?

Much of our strategic reckoning has been done on the assumption that the cold war is, to use the words of Mr. Reagan and the *New York Times*, "over." If that is so, can we be sure that the rightward turn of the government would exhaust its aggressive energies on the local population? Doing, well—doing what? What do you do, in a totalitarian country, when people rise up to protest economic shortages? Send the protestors to Gulag? Run people over in tanks? . . . Divert their attention with foreign adventures?

And Leonid Abalkin was the moderate on the scene, on Friday, June 16. One deputy, Vladimir Tikhonov, said flatly that there would be "famine in the very near future" unless such changes were effected as were necessary. Mr. Tikhonov was very specific about the nature of the changes needed. "Until farmers own the land and decide for themselves what to grow, there will be no increase in production."

More? Viktor Belkin, a research economist from the Academy of Sciences, said, "Sometimes I wonder if we can survive through the autumn. The economy is becoming increasingly cannibalistic, feeding on itself." This theme was picked up by Oleg Bogomolov, who carried the idea of private property beyond the concern with agriculture. "Without personal property, workers don't have the power of the work force and can't decide how to use their labor." And Gennady Lisichkin warned against dismissing the present plight of the Soviet economy (it is alleged that not since immediately after World War II have there been such scarcities) as a "pre-crisis." No —"We are in deep crisis." And the government's approach to the problem has been the classic anti-classic printing of more money. To put in power the kind of people who do that kind of thing is "like putting an alcoholic in charge of a liquor shop."

You'd have thought it was a meeting of the Mont Pelerin Society, the elite international organization of free-marketeers.

It is stunning that such thought can be expressed in such circles. But it is also another reminder: it isn't just Pat Buchanan and Dick Cheney and Henry Kissinger who are saying that the situation in the Soviet Union is dangerous. It is Gorbachev's right-hand man. And precisely the operative question for the West is in the sentence spoken by Abalkin, "What form it will take is unpredictable."

I have extended my membership in the Pearl Harbor Committee to Keep One's Eyes on the Russian Fleet. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. China may be in the throes of one
104 4 99 180 46 36 17 137 57 78

B. Threw light on the subject
59 117 7 24 87 170 143 47 129 101 79

C. His epitaph could have been "appeasement in our time"
152 66 165 11 48 31 85 1 184 74 187

D. Fanatically determined
30 174 118 42 3 107 161 126

E. Those who forsake their religion
191 55 88 132 159 14 166 98 25

F. Employee report cards
58 153 121 131 94 32 186

G. Noted Greek orator (384-322 B.C.)
162 145 91 10 108 29 130 49 141 122 70

H. Neither flat nor sharp
16 86 112 173 40 63 183

I. Positions
77 128 167 84 189 106 35 26 44

J. Secretariat's feat (2 words)
20 123 100 155 50 114 192 5 92 148 72

K. Donkey's bray
110 193 169 18 83 62

L. Well-to-do
151 28 82 13 154 179 37 65

M. Noumea is its capital
81 125 73 182 96 144 23 136 33 60 2 67

N. Hard to please
150 6 147 109 69 93 15 27 80 171

O. Marshals
127 190 34 160 64 51

P. English county where everyone grins?
41 53 149 8 22 175 89 120

Q. Tocqueville marveled at its black soil
139 177 102 61

R. Insect eggs
119 158 52 172

S. Baubles
124 90 113 105 43 115 185

T. Memo from a podiatrist?
181 188 157 21 178 134 68 54

U. Amazes
111 75 97 56 142 135 38 176

V. State's nemesis, to the secular humanist
133 164 71 95 9 168

W. Spot for a tempest
163 39 103 12 140 156

X. Forty winks in Cancún
146 116 76 45 138 19

1 C	2 M	3 D	4 A	5 J	6 N	7 B	8 P		9 V	10 G	11 C	12 W	13 L	14 E	15 N	16 H		17 A	18 K	19 X	20 J	
21 T	22 P	23 M		24 B	25 E	26 I		27 N	28 L		29 G	30 D	31 C		32 F	33 M	34 O	35 I		36 A	37 L	38 U
39 W	40 H	41 P	42 O	43 S	44 I	45 X		46 A	47 B	48 C	49 G	50 J	51 O		52 R	53 P	54 T		55 E	56 U	57 A	58 F
	59 B	60 M		61 Q		62 K	63 H	64 O		65 L	66 C	67 M	68 T		69 N	70 G		71 V	72 J	73 M	74 C	75 U
76 X		77 I	78 A	79 B		80 N	81 M	82 L	83 K	84 I	85 C		86 H		87 B	88 E	89 P	90 S		91 G	92 J	93 N
94 F	95 V	96 M	97 U	98 E		99 A	100J	101B	102Q		103W	104A	105S	106I	107D	108G		109N	110K	111U	112H	
113S	114J		115S	116X	117B	118D		119R	120P	121F	122G	123J		124S	125M	126D		127O	128I		129B	130G
131F	132E		133V	134T	135U	136M	137A	138X	139Q	140W	141G		142U	143B	144M	145G	146X	147N		148J	149P	
150N	151L	152C	153F		154L	155J		156W	157T		158R	159E		160O	161D	162G		163W	164V	165C	166E	
167I	168V	169K		170B	171N	172R	173H	174D		175P	176U		177Q	178T	179L		180A	181T		182M	183H	184C
185S	186F		187C	188T	189I		190O	191E	192J	193K												

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 53 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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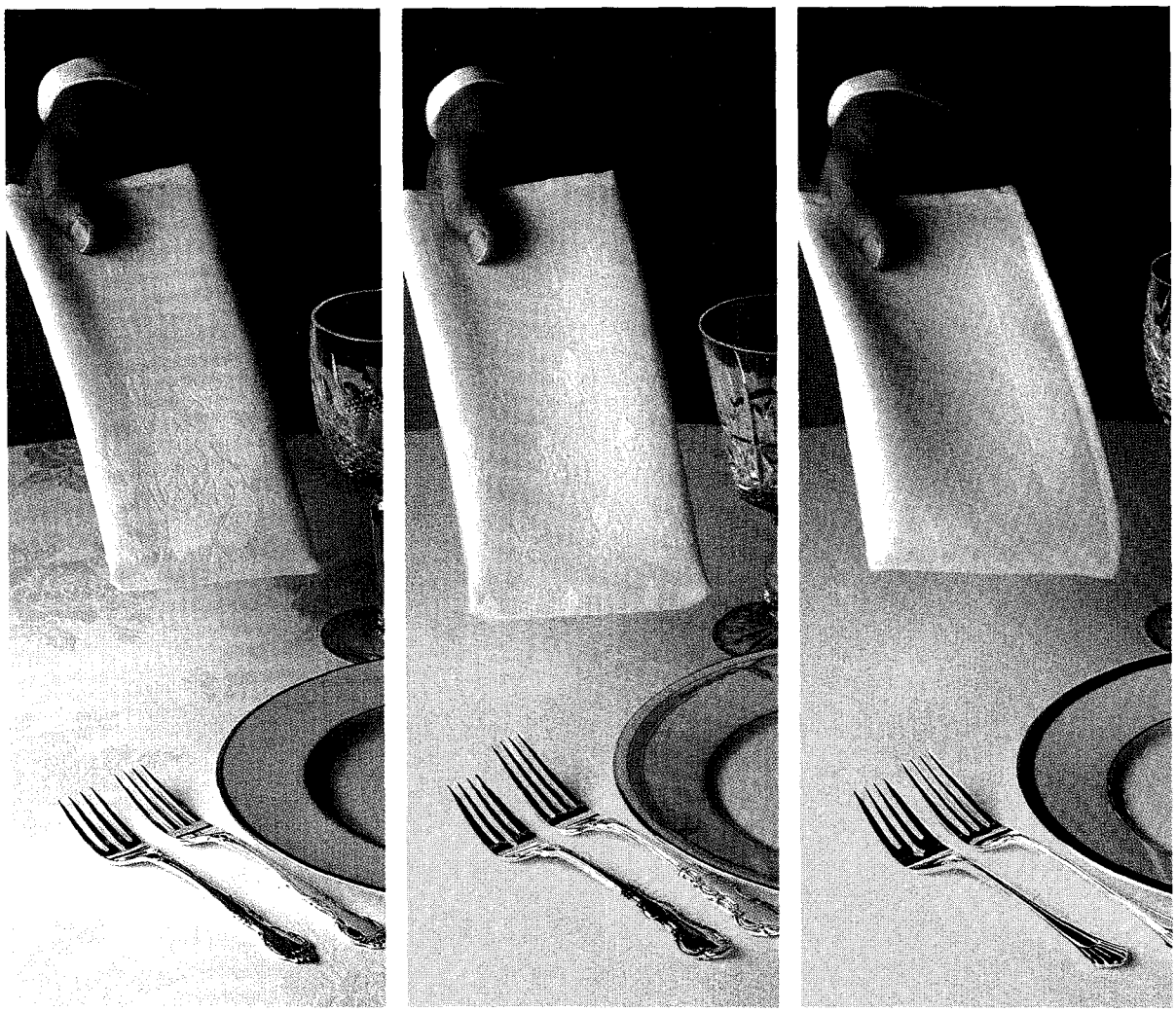
THE ART OF SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE



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Fifth Anniversary.

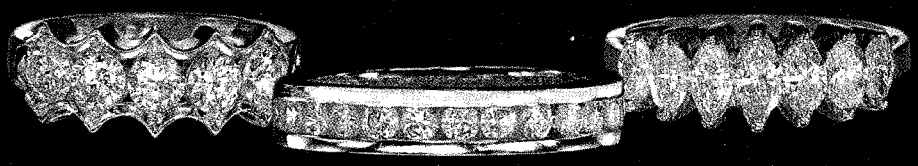
Sixth Anniversary.

Seventh Anniversary.

Eighth Anniversary.

Ninth Anniversary.

She may well appreciate all the perfume you've given her. However, she now owns enough to fill a medium-size lake.



This year, tell her you'd marry her all over again. The Diamond Anniversary Band.

A diamond is forever.

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Suggested retail price for rings $1,495-$1,795.
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